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"YOU ARE MY SON'S WIFE, I SUPPOSE, YOUNG LADY?"

BARON THENCK IN HIS CELL.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

THE SHADOW AGAIN.

Drew walked his horse quietly on the grass until he came to the corner of the lane, near Harebell Pond; and then he rode away as if the deuce had been behind him. He could not get Black's wife and that coffin out of his mind. Drew was neither a timorous nor a superstitious man; but the solitary lane struck him as being unpleasantly solitary to-night, and he was glad to get out of it.

Be very sure that he would take the near way home; the fine new road, Dene Hollow. If ever Drew had felt special cause to congratulate himself on Sir Dene's having made that road, he did now. Turning off by the front gates of Beechhurst Dene, he gained it. A fine, smooth, beautiful road, lying white and cold in the moonlight. So bright was it, that the ghastly branches of the bare trees cast their shadows on it in places here and there as clearly as they did in the sunshine of day.

"Now I hope that wench, Priv, has kept my supper warm," muttered Drew, as his sure-footed horse began to descend. "She's a regular sawney, though, in some things. Shouldn't wonder but she—"

A start, a bound, a spring; and Jonathan Drew was thrown violently to the ground. The horse had started, as if in some great terror; had leaped from one side of the road to the other, across the foot-path, against the bank. It was like one who flies from some mortal enemy. *Very nearly, if not quite in the same spot, it was, where the accident had occurred to Sir Dene Olanwaring; and the sudden spring of the horse had been like the spring made by Sir Dene's horse.*

How long Jonathan Drew might have lain there undiscovered, but for one fortunate circumstance, it was impossible to say; most probably until broad daylight. Mr. Priar came down the road, and found him. He, the surgeon, was returning home from a late visit to Harebell Farm. George Arde, his wife, and the baby had come there to spend a week or two and stay over Christmas; the child had been taken with convulsions in the afternoon; and Mr. Priar had considered it in so much danger that he went up again the last thing before bedtime, and remained till past midnight.

Drew lay insensible. The spurs on his boots and the riding whip at his side disclosed to the doctor the fact that he must have been thrown from his horse. He tried to rouse him, but could not; and feared there might be concussion of the brain. Getting assistance from the mill lower down—a rather difficult matter of accomplishment at that hour of the night—Drew was conveyed to his home.

It was not brain concussion; at least, to any serious extent; for Drew recovered his senses by the time he was at home, and his intellect seemed uninjured. What Mr. Priar began to fear now was concussion of the spine. Drew seemed powerless to move or stand; but he *said* he was not hurt, and talked away. Priscilla, his niece, and Dobbin had come galloping home with his coat in a sweat, all in a mortal fright.

"I can't think what ailed the brute," observed Drew to the doctor when they were alone. "He never served me such a trick afore."

"Dobbin was always so steady and sure-footed," rejoined Mr. Priar.

"He's sure-footed enough; 'twarn't that," said Drew factiously. "The fool took fright."

"What at?"

"Way at *nothing*," returned Drew. "Nothing that I could see. He wants a good *hiding*. And he'll get it to-morrow."

"If the horse started, it must have been at something, Drew," observed the surgeon. "Perhaps a hare scudded across his path."

"There warn't no hare and there warn't no rabbit," retorted Drew; whose temper was certainly not improved by his mishap. "I tell ye, doctor, there warn't nothing. All around was just as still as still could be; and the road was as bright as day."

Mr. Priar did not contradict again. He finished his examination of Drew, found that no bones were broken, and was imparting that cheering news, when the patient ungratefully interrupted him.

"Bother bones! As if mine was young and brittle, that they should snap at a shoot off a horse. I say, Dr. Priar, what was the matter with Black's wife, up at the Trailing Indian?"

"She has had low fever."

"When did she die?"

"Die!" repeated the doctor, in surprise. "Mrs. Black's not dead. She is better."

"Is she, though," complacently returned Drew, as if it afforded him pleasure to contradict for contradiction's sake—as in fact it did. "When did you see her last, sir?"

"Two or three days ago," was the answer. "She is tolerably well now, and I took my leave of her."

"Well, then, I can tell you, doctor, that she is *dead*."

Looking up into Mr. Priar's face from the bed on which he was lying, Drew related what he had seen that night. It sounded so strangely mysterious altogether, that Mr. Priar at first thought his patient must be wandering. But Drew repeated the story minutely, and the notion passed away.

"Surely it cannot be Mrs. Black who has died?" exclaimed the doctor, feeling, himself, a disagreeable thrill.

"It can't be nobody else," disputed Drew. "When I was up there yesterday, they'd got no strangers in the house at all: Black was a grumbling that not a soul had put up there for a week or two. Now, Mr. Priar, what I'd like to ask is this—whether there was anything wrong about the woman's death? Else why should Black conceal it, and smuggle her out of the place at midnight?"

"I don't like the look of it," said Mr. Priar, after a pause. "The woman was in no danger of death when I took my leave of her. Even if she had had a relapse—which I don't think was at all likely to happen—it could not have killed her so soon as this."

"I think it ought to be looked into," said Drew. "Black can the credit of being capable of acts as black as his name. There was that talk of the travelling peddler, you know—seen to go into the inn, but never seen to come out on't again—that has never been cleared up."

"I shall look into this," replied Mr. Priar, with decision. "If the woman is dead, Black must render an account of how she died. I'll go up there in the morning."

Drew laid his hand on Mr. Priar's arm,—

"Doctor, don't you bring in my name to Black; don't say 'twas me that watched 'em," he urged, some instinct prompting him to ask it. "Randy Black shan't be coming here to abuse me while I be helpless: he'd have it all his own way. Let me get about again, and I'll soon tell him what I saw—and ask the reason on't."

Mr. Priar nodded an unhesitating acquiescence to the request. Not only to oblige Drew, but also in the sanitary interests of that gentleman. He strongly suspected that poor Drew would soon be in a condition to render "abuse" from Black, or any one else, dangerously excitable. The doctor was just as unpleasantly impressed with this strange account of the midnight doings at the Trailing Indian as Drew had been.

In the course of the following morning Mr. Priar went up to Trailing Indian, taking the near cut from Harebell Farm through the fields. As he crossed the stile between the high holly hedge, he thought of what Drew had said—that it was close by that spot where he and Dobbin had halted the previous night. When Black, peeping forth from within his stable-door, saw the doctor cross it, he knew that he had come from Harebell Farm. The fact that he had been summoned the previous day to George Arde's little child was no news at the inn.

The Trailing Indian presented its customary still and silent features. Nobody was about that the doctor could see. He went over, his mind full of the dead woman. Stepping in at the front door—which would make a show of keeping itself open for a few hours in the day-time—Mr. Priar passed on to the kitchen: and the first object his eyes alighted on was Black's wife. Black's wife, with a bucket in her hand. No wonder, considering what his thoughts had been running on, that the sudden apparition startled him more than if he had seen her dead.

"Bless my heart!" he exclaimed, in the fulness of his astonishment. "Why, Mrs. Black, I—I—had reason to fear that something had happened to you."

"I'm getting a good deal better and stronger, thank you, sir," she said, lodging the bucket of water on the edge of a small tub. "What did you fear had happened to me, sir?"

"Why I thought that you had died, in fact; or something of the sort. Who is it that has died here?"

"That has died here!" gasped Mrs. Black, suddenly struck into timidity—but her manner was timid at the bravest of times. "Nobody has died here, sir."

"Oh, yes they have," said the doctor, thinking it best to speak out, now he was in for it. "And was taken away in a coffin and hearse last night at midnight."

Mrs. Black's answer to this—if answer it might be called—was to let fall the water and bucket into the tub, and to sink herself down on the nearest chair. The doctor had rarely in his life seen a picture of fear, such as this. She shook from head to foot; her face and lips turned ghastly, and to look upon. Mr. Priar began to feel sorry to have entered on the subject with her: but in truth it had escaped him in his utter astonishment.

"What's all this row?"

The interruption came from Black; who—to judge by his badly-suppressed savage aspect and white looks, nearly as white as his wife's—must have heard. The woman started from her chair and escaped, leaving him to deal with it.

Through thick and thin Black swore that nothing of the kind, as described by Mr. Priar, had taken place. That the only foundation for it lay in this: About ten o'clock the previous night, just as he and his wife were going up to bed, a hearse drove into the yard: the two men accompanying it wanted to bait their horses and to take some refreshment themselves. At twelve o'clock, both men and horses being refreshed, they drove away again. Black was ready to take his oath to this before any justice of the peace; as being all he knew about the matter. He had asked the men, he said, who it was they had got, and they answered that it was a lady who had died away from her home and was being taken to it across the country for burial.

Now perhaps Mr. Priar might have believed this; might have concluded that Jonathan's Drew's eyesight had not been so much as it had fancied, but for the consciousness and terror displayed by Mrs. Black. What the mystery was, what the crime, he did not attempt to guess at: but it must be something.

"Do you mean to say, Black, that the coffin was not taken out of your house at this very side-door, opposite to me as I sit, and put into the hearse?"

"That it never was," foamed Black.

"Look here, Black. I don't pretend to fathom the mystery of this. My information is correct, I believe: the person who witnessed this has good eyesight. He saw the side-door open, he saw the coffin brought out of it by three or four men at least, and put into the hearse. It was as light as day. You say the coffin was not taken out of the hearse at all, or I could have understood that it was merely being put back again."

Black's positive oath, taken in his first heat—that the coffin had never been removed from the hearse—began to burn his lips. He thought what a fool he had been.

"They didn't take it out that I saw," he growled. "Why should they? Where was the man standing—that you say watched all this mummery?"

"Over the way; by the stile."

Black threw back his head as if he had expected the answer. "Who was it, Mr. Priar?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you. It is of no consequence who it was."

Black laughed an evil laugh. He thought he knew better than Mr. Priar could tell him. Who was likely to be about at that time of night, and at that spot, the stile, but Robert Owen? With his own eyes, he had seen Owen leaning over it at night, as if watching his house, more times than one.

"He is a cursed sneak, whoever it was, to come out to spy at a neighbor's castle in the dark, Mr. Priar."

"He did not come out to do anything of the kind. What he saw he saw accidentally."

"Saw accidentally!" retorted Black, curling his lip in scornful disbelief.

"I assure you, Black, it was so. He happened to be passing. But that has nothing to do with the point in question. I must tell you candidly I think there's more in this matter than you would like me to believe."

"Any way, that's all I know about it," was Black's stolid answer. "If your friend wants better information, Mr. Priar, he must go after the hearse, and seek it out for himself. Where was it now the men said they were bound to?—Somersetshire, I think. Here, Joe; come in," he called out, as the hostler passed the side-door.

"I felt the doctor all about that there hearse that was at the inn last night," continued Black. "He has come up with a confounded story that the Trailing Indian sent away a coffin in it."

Joe, a short, powerfully-built man, with ragged flaxen hair and a swinging gait, as if he might sometime have been a sailor, looked stolidly from one to the other.

"I don' know nothing o' the hearse, save that it stopped here to bait," said he.

"Why time did it come?—and what time did it go away?—and who was with it?—why don't you speak?" cried his master, stamping his foot impatiently.

"It come in about ten—as near as I can tell; and it stopped a good two hours. The horses had a feed o' corn; and the two men had some'at to eat and drink in here; I don' know what; the missus do; she served 'em. They'd got a lady in the hearse, the driver telled me, and was a carrying of her to her own family's place for bur'al."

Either they were telling truth, or else had conned their tale by heart. Which of the two it was, Mr. Priar could not quite decide, in spite of his suspicions. But, as Mrs. Black had assuredly not been carried away in the hearse, and it might have been simply as Black stated, the doctor did not consider that he was called upon to investigate the matter further. Intimating as much to Black, who did not appear to receive it with any gratitude, he took his departure.

"What did all that there mean?—and why was I called upon to speak?" demanded the hostler then, of his master.

"Well, we got watched last night, Joe; that's all. The load was seen to come out o' here and watched into the hearse."

Joe said a word that he might have been fined for. And another; and another.

"*Watched!* Who by, master?"

Randy Black extended his hand and pointed in the direction of Harebell Farm. And Mr. Joe broke out into several ugly words in succession, joining them with the name of Robert Owen.

Could Mr. Priar but have known the ill he unconsciously worked that day to the innocent master of Harebell Farm!

One of the first visitors to Mr. Jonathan Drew's bedside, was Mary Barber. "I'll call in and see him," thought she. "He served mother that ill trick—pretending to know nought o' the paper gave by Squire Honeythorn—but we be kind o' relatives, after all; and I'll go in." Accordingly, just about the time that Mr. Priar was at the Trailing Indian, Mary Barber was with the injured man.

"How came the beast to throw you, Drew?" she asked.

Drew told her, just as he had told others, that he did not know how it was, or why it was. He described the sudden start and spring, the evident terror that had assailed the horse, all for no apparent cause. Mary Barber listened in silence, her mind busy.

"Drew," said she, "it must have been the Shadow that frightened him."

"You are a fool," returned Drew.

"You called me that before, Drew, when I told you what mother said about the Shadow on the Hollow."

"The old woman was dreaming when she said it," returned Drew.

"She was dying; not dreaming. And, Drew, them dying people sometimes get a curiously-clear insight into things. What the Shadow she saw might be, I don't know no more than you. But I be sure she did see it; and I think it stands to reason it was that, and nought else, that startled Sir Dene's horses. I should say the same thing startled Dobbin."

"Why don't you say that pigs fly?" roared Drew.

"Because pigs don't fly," was the matter-of-fact answer. "Any way, Drew, putting what mother said out o' the question, Dane Hollow don't seem to be a lucky road. If it never should be, one ought not to wonder. It was cut out of oppression; it was formed out of a poor old woman's sobs and cries; it broke her heart, and took her life away afore its time. And God's blessing perhaps 'll not lie upon such work as that."

"Granny Barber was'n most eighty. There warn't no reason in a mummy, got to that age, a standing in the light of other folks."

"Come, you be civil, Drew, toward a body that's dead," advised Mary Barber. "Being come to that age, there was all the more reason why Sir Dene and you should have let her alone. She couldn't be expected, in the nature o' things, to live much longer. I told Sir Dene so. If she'd been only a middle-aged woman, it might have been right to ask her to go out. Or, let's say, not so cruel."

"It's a fine, grand, level road; there ain't a better in the county," shrieked Drew, going beside the question.

"Any way, it don't seem to carry travellers down it in safety," retorted Mary Barber, who never failed to try for the last word. And Drew, recalled to the thought of his present bed-ridden condition, turned his eyes away with a resentful grunt.

"I don't wish to speak a word to hurt you, Drew, now that you be lying here, but I can't help saying that if you had honestly told Sir Dene mother had that paper from Mr. Honeythorn—for you knowed it just as well as she did—the road might never have been made, and this might not have happened. But I must be going," she added, "for they be waiting at home for me. And I wish ye well through, Jonathan; and I'll look in again upon ye."

Hurrying away, she encountered Squire Arde: who was on his way to ask particulars of Drew's mishap. Mary Barber stayed to give them to him, winding up the narration with Priscilla's account of the horse "tearing home in a lather o' foam."

"Drew says he don't know what frightened the horse; Sir Dene didn't know what frightened his horse: and perhaps it don't much matter what it was," she resumed. "But I'm afeard o' one thing, sir—that that new road is not going to be a lucky road. I've jest said so to Drew."

"Seems not to ha' been over lucky as yet, Mary girl," returned Squire Arde.

"Drew, he goes on about it's being a beautiful fine road: and so it is," said Mary Barber. "But, ye see, Squire, 'twas made out o' my poor mother's sobs and tears: and that's not a good legacy."

"I never liked that business," remarked Squire Arde, shaking his head. "'Twas no concern o' mine; but I'd not ha' done it had I been Sir Dene. 'Taint well to remove your neighbor's landmark."

"It's a odd thing, sir, come to think on't, that them two should come to ill on the road: Sir Dene and Drew."

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR DENE'S PERPLEXITY.

Sir Dene Clanwaring sat in his bay-windowed parlor at Beechhurst Dene. He seemed very busy and very restless. The table was strewed with papers and parchments; the upright secretaire—or, as Sir Dene called it, secretary—standing against the wall opposite the window, was open. It seemed that Sir Dene did nothing but make pilgrimages from the papers on the table to the papers pushing out of the drawers and pigeon-holes of this piece of furniture. Altogether, the papers seemed to be somewhat confused: but, in truth, they were not half as much so as was Sir Dene himself.

The days had gone on; Christmas was turned; from a fortnight to three weeks had elapsed since the accident to Jonathan Drew. And Mr. Drew's injuries had turned out to be of a very serious character. After the first day or two of uncertainty, fresh advice was called in from Worcester: and it was decided that the spine was permanently injured. Drew was removed to Worcester to the house of his widowed daughter: so as to have good nursing and advice. His furniture followed him, and the lodge where he had lived was left empty—for it was known that he would never be of use again. In one sense this was less of a misfortune to Drew than it would have been to many, for he had saved money and was comfortably off.

But the state of perplexity it threw Sir Dene Clanwaring into, was unutterable. Drew had united the offices of bailiff and steward: he had not only been manager of the estate out of doors, but kept the accounts connected with it. All those papers on the table had been brought up from his house. Drew was too ill now to be consulted, or to be asked even a single question; and Sir Dene felt helpless as a child.

He knew absolutely nothing about the deeds and other matters. A school-boy, bade to sit down amidst a shoal of books, and prepare himself in one day for passing a civil service examination, could not have been more hopelessly at fault than was the master of Beechhurst Dene. One person alone, of all the world, could have helped him out of his dilemma: and that was his discarded son, Geoffry.

Opening this parchment, shutting that, glancing at one receipt, throwing aside another, fuming and fretting! While Sir Dene was thinking himself worse off than the babes in the wood, Gander entered.

"Farmer Hill has got me to come in and ask whether you'll be likely to keep him much longer, Sir Dene. He says he has a sight o' things to see about, this morning."

Sir Dene groaned. He was no nearer flowing the papers, necessary to the business on which Mr. Hill had come up, than he was an hour before.

"I don't know an iota about it, Gander; that's the fact; and I can find nothing. Tell Mr. Hill to call again to-morrow morning: I'm sorry to have kept him waiting. And—here, Gander. Is Mr. Clanwaring in?"

"Mr. Clanwaring's lying on the sofa in the library, Sir Dene."

"Ask him to step here."

John Clanwaring appeared, a book in his hand: it was one of the volumes of "Clarissa Harlowe." Sir Dene, in his helpless perplexity, appealed to his son.

"You are younger than I am, John, and your brain's clear. Mine's clear enough too, in one sense; but I've never been used to this kind of thing. Do you think you could help me?"

"In what way?" asked Mr. Clanwaring—who had unwillingly dragged himself from London to spend Christmas at Beechhurst Dene, and intended to get away from it the moment he decently could.

"Well, in—in looking into things. Getting some of these papers straight, for instance: and—and mastering the various matters connected with the estate."

John Clanwaring quite believed he had not heard aright.

"I, sir. I could not possibly undertake anything of the kind."

"There's nobody else so fit," rather sharply spoke Sir Dene. "It will be your own proper business some time."

"I expect when that time comes—which I hope will not be yet awhile, father," he broke off to say in a fit of duty—"that I shall mostly leave it to a steward, as you have done."

"It is an awful trouble, for Drew to have fallen out of things in this sudden way! Look at all these papers, John!—I can't make head or tail of them. And there's twice as many more down at his house."

John Clanwaring looked from the papers on the table to those standing out of the secretaire. He would as soon have meddled with the Augean stables.

"And things are going on out of doors nearly as bad as they are within," resumed Sir Dene. "The men—when they work at all—do it all the wrong way. They plough up meadows, and leave—for goodness's sake don't mix the papers, John! I've had work enough to sort them."

For Mr. Clanwaring, seeking for a place on which to deposit his book, had been pushing some of the papers one upon another.

"You wont try what you can do then, John?"

"As I should be sure to make no hand at it, sir, I had better not."

"At least you might ride about a bit, and direct out of doors."

"I should only mislead; knowing nothing about it myself, or what your wishes are. Besides, father, I shall be gone again in a day or two now. My chief home is London, you know, sir."

"What will you do when you come into the place after me? Whoever holds Beechhurst Dene should live on it."

"As of course I shall. It will be different then."

Sir Dene sat looking straight out before him. Some solution must be found to his present perplexity. His son spoke.

"If I were you, sir, I should engage a new bailiff forthwith. Some competent man of experience, who can grasp these matters at once, in Drew's place."

"Should you!" retorted Sir Dene. "He'd be more of a stranger to it all than I am; and who is there to put him in the right way, I'd like to know? There's only one man able to grasp them; and that's your brother Geoffry."

Mr. Clanwaring drew in his thin lips, and superciliously took up his book. He considered it an insult to the rest of the family for Geoffry to be so much as named in their hearing.

"If I put down a few heads of questions upon paper, John, would you mind riding over to Malvern, and getting the answers to them from Geoffry?"

"I should mind it very much indeed, sir. Nothing would induce me to go on a mission to *him*. If absolutely necessary that some one should see him, send Gander."

Sir Dene, vexed with John, vexed with everybody, said no more; and Mr. Clanwaring seized on the opportunity to return to his sofa and his novel. The baronet had missed Geoffry all along; but never so much as now, at the close of the year.

After the first burst of indignation had blown over, consequent on the discovery of the marriage, Sir Dene had calmed down wonderfully. John went away again, Miss Clewer betook herself off; there was only Sir Dene at home, and he felt very lonely. Not an hour of the day but he thought of Geoffry, who had never before given him an unnatural look or word, who had been his constant companion of late years; he would often catch himself wishing that he could see Geoffry riding up the path. The applying to Geoffry to help them out of this dilemma, resulting from the incapacity of Drew, seemed therefore more easy of accomplishment to Sir Dene than if his feelings had retained their full bitterness against his son.

An hour longer he sat over there confusing papers, never touching them; attempting no further to reduce them to order. Had he seen any other way out of the trouble, had any one living person, save Geoffry, been able to help him, he would not have sought out his discarded son. But there was no one else; and so Sir Dene could not well help himself. He waited, shilly-shallying, until the afternoon was passing; and then saying nothing to John of his intention, ordered his horse and rode away in the direction of Malvern. In his heart of hearts Sir Dene was glad at the opportunity of once more seeing Geoffry.

"*He* never turned a deaf ear to any request of mine, as John does," thought the baronet bitterly. He would often feel a little bitter with his eldest son.

The cottage to which Geoffry had taken his wife was a small abode nestled near the foot of the hill on the road leading to St. Ann's Well. They had been married nearly two months now, and were in it still.

It would have been dull for the young wife, the Christmas in these confined lodgings, but for the intense love she bore her husband. If hallowed by his presence, all places were alike to her—a paradise. An African desert would not have been a desert with him. They were invited to spend Christmas Day at Harebell Farm; Geoffry Clanwaring accepted it because it would give pleasure to his wife. However, the day before Christmas Eve a deep snow set in, rendering the roads bad for travelling; and so they stayed at home. A delusive dream of hope had late on Geoffry—that his father might relent in the blessed Christmas-tide, and summon him and his young wife to Beechhurst Dene.

This was the last day of the old year; and it was Geoffry's birthday. Twenty-six to-day. He had suddenly remembered it as they were seated at their one o'clock dinner, and proclaimed it to his wife.

"Oh, Geoffry!—never to have told me! Never to have let me wish you many happy returns of it when you woke this morning!"

"I forgot all about it. You can wish it now, love."

She got up and put her arms about his neck, whispering softly, the tears filling her eyes with the intensity of her emotion. Geoffry held her to him while he thanked and kissed her. Kissed her as fondly as he had on their wedding-day.

"We ought to have made a festival of it, Geoffry," she said, going back to her place; "to have had a plum-pudding at the very least. And there's only this cold beef for you!"

"Cold beef is as good as hot, Maria."

"I shall make a feast for tea."

He laughed a little. "What will it be? Roast peacock?"

"Jam; and pikelets; and Malvern cakes."

"You extravagant girl!"

"But it won't be your birthday again until next year."

When dinner was over, and Geoffry sat thinking of things, it occurred to him to wonder whether his birthday was being remembered at Beechhurst Dene; and whether a letter of repentance, written to his father on that day, might produce any softening towards him. It would be necessary to try to induce Sir Dene to relent if possible; for his little stock of hoarded money would not last forever. He and Maria were practising plain economy: but times were hard at that period, provisions very dear.

"A letter will do no harm if it does no good," decided Geoffry. "And in any case I should like to wish my father a happy New Year." So he drew his chair to the table and wrote.

The snow had disappeared some days now, and this day was very fine: but early in the afternoon that dense mist came on, well-known to the dwellers under the Malvern Hills. It used to be worse than it ever is now: perhaps the mist cannot fight against the large town the place has grown into—the number of houses, their warmth, their lights, and the heat of the fires and gas. At half-past three o'clock, when Geoffry folded his letter, he could hardly see to write the address.

Sitting down by the fire, he stirred it into a blaze, and drew his wife to him. She was putting up her work, for it was too dark to continue it.

"Just look at the mist, Geoffry!"

"Ay. You cannot go out now, young lady, for your Malvern cakes. I shan't let you."

She had been saying that she would go with him when he went to post his letter. Maria looked out at the mist a little wistfully.

"You will bring the cakes in for me instead, won't you, Geoffry? And the pikelets."

"I dare say!"

"And we will have tea early, and shut out the mist—say, half-past four. Oh Geoffry it will be a happy evening!"

"You little sprite!"

He sat on, talking with her of the letter of the probable effect it might have on Sir Dene; and the minutes slipped on. When one o'clock struck four, Geoffry rose to go on his errand.

"How many pikelets, and how many cakes?"

"Three pikelets," she answered; "two for you and one for me. And three two-penny cakes." "Malvern cakes," it should be said, had in those days a world-wide fame.

"And the jam, you talked of? I'm sure the shops will take me for a porter."

"Jam! Oh, I have plenty of that. Mamma gave me some jars of several sorts when we were last there. Don't you remember, Geoffry?—we brought it home in the gig."

Geoffry Clanwaring went into the bedroom for some silver, and departed. Maria called the landlady, asked her to bring in the best tea-things, and said there would be pikelets to toast. That worthy person immediately turned crusty—which she had a habit of doing. The best tea-things she made no objection to: but the pikelets were pronounced "impossible." She had just raked up her kitchen fire, leaving only a spark o' blaze to bile the kettle, for she was a-going out later to watch in the New Year with a friend. Pikelets couldn't be toasted no-how at the black bars.

"Never mind, Mrs. Brown, I'll toast them here," said Maria cheerfully—who, young and timid, was entirely under Mrs. Brown's dominion. "Bring in the butter, please, and the toasting-fork."

"I shall dress in my best for this evening," thought Maria, as she watched the woman lay the table. "I will go now, while Geoffry's away, and surprise him. And then I shall be ready to do the pikelets."

The first thing Maria saw when she entered the bedroom was the letter lying on the dressing-table. Geoffry must have laid it down, and forgotten it. She made ready, all but her dress; then carried the letter to the other room, and waited, knowing he would be coming back for it.

Presently he appeared with the paper of pikelets, the cakes, and a beautiful pink camellia, that he picked up somewhere, for Maria. She erroneously declared that it ought to be in his own coat, as it was his fete day. Geoffry laughed well at that, and put it in her dress-body, saying that a candle-tion would be more in place for him.

"Do you know that you left Sir Dene's letter at home, Geoffry?"

"I know it now. Too hunt I had in my pockets when I went to put it into the box, amused the village boys amazingly."

He took the letter, went out again, and Maria hastened to attire herself in the gala robes. It was her wedding dress that she put on; the beautiful sprigged India muslin she was married in. No opportunity had offered of wearing it since; and perhaps it was rather light in texture for this evening, what with the cold season, and what with the mist. Maria deemed it the most appropriate dress in the world—for was it not her husband's birthday?

With her beautiful hair falling; with no ornament in the delicate robe, save the pink camellia; with her pretty white neck and arms bare, after the fashion of the day, Maria Clanwaring returned to the parlor as charming a picture as man's eye ever rested on. Two candles were lighted on the table; and—if she stole a glance of admiration at herself in the chimney glass, vanity itself would forgive the sin.

"Geoffry will not know me," she softly said, as she knelt down to toast the pikelets. "Why!—how soon he is back!"

For the front-door had been knocked at and answered. Steps approached the room; the door was flung wide, just as Geoffry flung it.

"You'll not know me, Geoffry."

"Is Geoffry Clanwaring here?"

The voice was a strange voice, proud and stern. Maria started up, nearly dropping the pikelets off the toasting-fork into the grate. She felt ready to drop too when she saw Sir Dene. They stood, gazing at each other: Maria in trembling dismay; Sir Dene in involuntary admiration.

Never in all his life had he seen so lovely a picture. She looked, in this white dress, little more than a child, with her smooth falling curls, her blushing cheeks, and her delicate face. Gently putting down the fork—it was at least a yard and a half long—she moved a little nearer, in all shrinking modesty, to receive him.

"You are my son's wife, I suppose, young lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"And one to make any son forget his allegiance for," muttered Sir Dene to himself.

"Hanged if I'm sure I should not have done as Geoff did!"

"Will you please to take a seat, sir?" she ventured to ask.

"I'll shake hands with you first, my dear," he said. And, taking her hands, he stooped and kissed her.

The tears rushed into Maria Clanwaring's eyes at the unexpected kindness. Sir Dene saw them, and kissed her a second time.

"There's nothing to cry for, my dear."

"Oh, sir, it is your kindness! I think Geoffry, when he knows it, will be nearly ready to cry too."

"Where is Geoffry?" asked the baronet, sitting down.

"He has gone out to put a letter in the post: it is for you, sir. He will not be long."

"And you were toasting pikelets for tea," said Sir Dene, observing the good things on the table.

"The landlady had let her fire go low, sir, and could not do them. But it is Geoffry's birthday."

"His birthday!" cried Sir Dene. "I forgot it."

"That is why we are having a nice tea," she continued, half in apology, deeming some kind of explanation necessary.

"And why you are dressed up," added Sir Dene, smiling.

"Yes, sir. It is my best white frock, I—" was married in it, she had been about to add, but remembered in time to change the words—"had just put it on. Geoffry brought me home this beautiful flower."

A beautiful flower no doubt: but a sweeter flower, she. A simple, guileless, pure girl: *that* was self-evident. Sir Dene had been in the room but two or three minutes, and he felt that he nearly loved her. The next entrance was that of Geoffry: who stood in unmitigated astonishment. Between his father's presence and his wife's dress, he thought he must be looking at a vision.

Sir Dene did not shake hands with his son. An idea struck him that it might be a compromise of dignity to do that all at once. He told Geoffry, speaking distantly, of the difficulty he was placed in through the accident to Drew, and that he should require his assistance to disentangle affairs from the confusion that, to him, they appeared to be in. Geoffry at once replied that he would do anything and everything in his power. Seeing them thus engaged, Maria, almost by stealth, resumed her toasting. Geoffry came up, and would have taken the fork from her.

"I'll do this, my dear—if it has to be done here? What's Mrs. Brown about?"

"She has let her fire out. *Please*, Geoffry, let me do it," she whispered. "Indeed, indeed I would rather! Stay you with Sir Dene."

She was in real earnest, her trembling voice and her eyes alike pleading anxiously. So Geoffry relinquished the fork to her and returned to his father. When the pikelets were buttered and the tea, made, she waited by the fire in silence. Geoffry looked at the table and looked at his father.

"Would you take some tea with us, sir," he asked, with much deprecation.

"I don't care if I have a cup," said Sir Dene. "The mist has got into my throat."

So they all sat down together; Maria's hand shaking visibly when she handed him his cup. "A good, modest, gentle girl, and every inch a lady—as poor Geoff said," again thought Sir Dene. "She's worth a dozen of John's grand London wenches, with their powdered and patched faces."

Sir Dene partook of the good things with much relish; the pikelets, the cakes, the strawberry jam; and he drank three cups of tea. He said he must go unless he would be entirely benighted. He did not kiss Maria when he went away: but he shook hands cordially, and called her "my dear." It was arranged that Geoffry should meet Sir Dene at Drew's house as early as he could get there after breakfast in the morning. Geoffry walked down with his father to the small inn—the Unicorn—where he had left his horse; and saw him mount. Sir Dene gave him his hand.

"Thank you, father, for coming over," said Geoffry in a low tone that was full of feeling. "Thank you doubly for speaking kindly to my wife."

"Well, you see, Geoffry, she's—she's very nice and pretty."

"She is more than that, father. Good-night, sir."

Standing over the fire with his wife when he got back, his arm round her waist, her head leaning against him, Geoffry Clanwaring spoke of the hopeful turn that affairs seemed to have taken. He had been feeling the estrangement from his father and his home far more deeply than he had ever cared to tell his wife.

"Sir Dene may not take us into full favor quite at once, Maria; it is not to be expected; but I think the way is being paved for it."

"He kissed me, Geoffry," she whispered, her eyes shining through their glad tears.

"Kissed you!"

"He kissed me twice; he did indeed. It was when he first came in."

"Thank God!" thought Geoffry. But he said nothing. Only held his wife the closer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The late Professor William Gibson used to relate that while going through the ward of a hospital with Velpeau, that surgeon brought him to the bedside of two men who were under treatment for some slight fracture. "Would you believe it," said Velpeau, "these men have made a living for the last fifteen years by being knocked down and run over. When they see a light wagon driven by some wealthy person coming by, they step across the street, and are sure to be run over, picked up, and carried to some hospital, and then they sue for damages. When their money becomes exhausted they begin again. Nearly every bone in their bodies has been broken."

☞ Here is a curious example of "taking time by the forelock:" My grandmother once awoke my grandfather in the middle of the night, and told him she much feared their son Willie had become deranged, as she had been listening to him for some time speaking loudly and rapidly to himself. Her husband listened, came to the same conclusion, and they forthwith hurried into their boy's bedroom to know what was the matter. Willie's explanation was, that as they were going to the seaside next day, he wished to save time, and was saying his prayers over and over to last him during the holidays.

☞ Handsome cheeks are made through the stomach and lungs, not by cosmetics.

☞ On week days, you buy music by the sheet; on Sundays, you can have it by the choir for nothing.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

A RIGHT BROTHERLY ACTION.

Dr. H. T. Helmbold has recently been engaged in fitting up a store in the front portion of the Continental Hotel on Chestnut street, as it was supposed, for himself. It is beautifully ornamented, and is a credit to our fair city. But now it appears that Dr. Helmbold designed this Philadelphia agency for his brother Albert, who has not been so fortunate in amassing money, and has presented him with the entire establishment. The Doctor says:—

"Irrespective of the constant occupation of time, which precludes my attention to a branch establishment, the desire to place my brother in an independent position was the ruling motive in the opening of the 'Temple of Pharmacy.'

I wish it distinctly understood that I shall at all times give my brother my hearty co-operation, and shall supply him from my resources with all that he may desire to make the enterprise a permanent success."

In these days when there is so much talk, (a good deal of it cant and demagogism) about the brotherhood of men in general—an idea partly true and beneficial, and partly false and mischievous—it is very pleasant to come across an instance like the above, where the claims of natural brotherhood are felt and acknowledged. The way things are going now, we seem to be learning to equalize the maxim that "all men are brothers," by adopting in practice the rule that our brothers shall be no closer to us than all other men. And the cases probably could be counted by the tens of thousands, where the last person to whom a man in pecuniary distress would apply, would be a wealthy brother.

The community therefore is indebted to Dr. Helmbold for an example in the right direction—one that will have a tendency "to purify the (spiritual) blood," and "beautify the complexion" of society—a kind of "highly concentrated fluid extract" of moral Sarsaparilla.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It has been suggested to us that if we would devote a column or so of our paper to answering letters from Correspondents, it would still further increase the attractiveness of THE POST. Well, we are willing to try it. So those of our readers who are puzzled upon any of the multifarious concerns of this curious affair called life, may sit down as soon as convenient and propound their questions, which shall be answered to the best of our ability. If we do not combine the wisdom of Solomon and of Socrates with the homely good sense of Esop, it will not be from any want of desire on our part so to do.

POETRY.—Our corps of poets must not send us, as they so often do, long poems. Twenty or thirty lines to a poem are about as much as we (as a general thing) can conveniently find room for. Not that we would denominate poetry a "drug," but a perfume, which should not be used in too large quantities. Tolerably good poems are often thrown aside, simply because of their excessive length.

THE ATLANTA FAIR.—We are requested to announce that the first grand Exposition of the Agricultural and Industrial Association of Atlanta, Georgia, will open at Oglethorpe Park, in that place, on October 16, and continue for five days. A list of the Premiums to be awarded can be obtained of Mr. S. A. Echols, the Secretary.

The Vinegar-Plant.

What is popularly known as the vinegar-plant is only a form of the "mother of vinegar," which is, again, only a state of common mould. For the manner of obtaining it, we quote the following from the Irish Farmers' Gazette, adding that we have not tried the process, but give it for what it is worth:—"Leave a little vinegar in a small bottle to become stale (during hot, close weather is best), till a film appears on the surface. If a few fragments of coarse brown sugar be now added, it will somewhat aid its growth; but when the film has attained the thickness of parchment, it is ready for transfer to syrup, where it soon becomes the housewife's normal vinegar-plant. Procure a large jar or bottle, and to two quarts of boiling water add half a pound of treacle and half a pound of the commonest brown sugar; stir well together, and when cool transfer the film from the surface of the vinegar to the surface of the syrup; cover up to exclude air, and keep in a warm cupboard. This film will rapidly grow, and form a thick, slippery, gelatinous mass all over the surface of the syrup, and in course of six weeks or so the liquid will be changed to excellent vinegar. The vinegar plant can now be taken and divided into layers, or cut up into fragments, each piece of which if placed upon fresh syrup will rapidly grow and change the liquor into vinegar. The vinegar should be allowed to settle, and be strained before it is used.

THE USE OF SISTERS.—There is nothing so beneficially educating to a young man as the companionship of sisters. They laugh him out of those little awkwardnesses of manner which otherwise might become habitual. They refine him unconsciously in all matters of taste and politeness. They nip the little buds of puppyism, which under other circumstances might flaunt their flowering before less partial eyes. When brothers refuse to wait upon their sisters in order to "go with the girls," let them remember who made them presentable and agreeable to "the girls." It is better to be laughed at at home than abroad, young man.

☞ "The men of principle should be the principal men."

☞ If any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable he would remain quite stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunities. Those who do succeed, ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labor. It is the struggle against difficulty that brings faculties into play.—*Thomas Walker.*

☞ A quaint friend of ours in Maine once called on President Lincoln. He had spoken hard words with him, observing, "Don't be scared, Mr. Lincoln, I do not want an office." "Is that so?" said the President, "then give us another shake."

☞ "Hoopock" is the name of a Post-office in Alexander county, Illinois. It does a small business; the mails avoid it.

☞ Eugenie's favorite colors are violet and mauve.

GODFREY.*

"AT PEACE WITH GOD."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

It was in the time of sprouting wheat-fields and of crocus blossoms, when the snow-banks in greening hollows, sheltered from the warm winds of April, shrunk away from the sunshine like fa ing phantoms of the dead winter, their colorless heart-blood trickling down in pools and rills that slipped into the swollen river and were no more seen forever; time when the first violets bravely lifted their leafy stems above the decaying verdure of past summer days and uncovered their chaste, sweet faces, looking up at whoever passed like promises of shining hours soon to follow; time when the sap rose to the topmost twigs of the ash-trees, when every tree and shrub and plant put forth its buds, when all life was being renewed with the budding year, and gentle winds and softly-dropping showers sweetly prophesied of June roses and of rest.

There should have been no mourning in these waking hours; there should have been no weeping and heart-break; but hope should have prevailed, and joying. In this month of floral birth and growing winter grain what place was there for Death?

Yet Death was near! To many hearts the sombre shadow of his solemn pinions eclipsed the sunshine that lay upon the long green fields and grey woodlands, that shimmered upon the waters of the turbulent river, or kissed their haggard faces.

They knelt in speechless anguish around her bed and could not weep, but looked on her with fevered, thirsting eyes, and covered their agonized faces. She alone was calm, sweet patience in her eyes and saintly smiles hovering around her lips of gentleness. She was not in pain, now; the weary agony of months had left her, and naught remained save the pain of parting with the dear ones of earth whom she loved so well. Godfrey knelt by *her* clasping her delicate hand in *his*, *his* massive-browed, colorless face crossed with awful grief and love unutterable. The sunshine streaming in through the damask curtains cast over them a subdued, tinted light, that tinged their pallid faces with delicate color, and from an opening in the crimson hangings the radiant light flashed through upon her wan face, shining white and lustless amid the clustering golden locks spilled upon the pillow, like a star seen in midday through a sheen of sunshine.

Her quiet eyes were lighted with a peaceful smile, and her lips moved softly. Listening, they caught her whispered words.

"Dear friends, heaven is very near. I am passing from you; not for long we part, not long."

And again she spoke faintly, like a person going from them, whose voice was heard from afar.

"Godfrey, are you near?"

"I am here, beloved."

Her glances sought his face, bending so near to hers.

"Kiss me, my love—not for the last time, dearest; we will meet in Paradise one happy day."

With gentle glances she looked upon their bowed, sorrowing faces, and smiling, closed her placid eyes. Softly her lips moved, as though she prayed, and even while they watched her, heaven opened and the white, womanly spirit had flown. Oh fair, frail lily-flower! Oh pearl of purity! Oh soul of patient hope and patient trust! Oh maiden of true worth and loving lowliness!

"Thou bowedst down thy head with friends on earth,
To raise it with the saints in Paradise."

Amid Spring's beauty and freshness they bore her to the grey old cemetery, where the grass was sprouting upon the graves and mosses upon the tombstones, where the wild-pink's foliage grew in the vacant lots, and in the drives the weeds started and the timothy and blue-grass lifted their tufted spires, and snowy, trio-leaved wakerobins bloomed on the banks of the noisy brook that bubbled through the land of graves on foam-white feet and with riotous laughter.

As the days passed on, snow-drops grew strong and lusty above her, white amaranths lifted their stately brows, and the sweet alyssum bordered the morning zephyrs with fragrance. At her folded feet the brook murmured and dashed and sang, the silvery minnows darted, and the blue-starred myrtle trailed, tended by loving hands. Tranquilly she slumbered while the mourners went about the street weeping their dead.

Often in the summer mornings Godfrey hastened unto his wife's grave with his tributes of flowers, the lilies that she had loved, the snow-drops dew-besprent, the pearly June roses, chaste and sweet as the memory of his beloved. And in the shadow of evening hours he called to her beside the quiet mound, or mused in silence and wept that no responsive, yearning voice awoke at his impulsive pleading, and no shade glided into his arms so passionately down-reached. One time he lingered far into the night beside the mound with his pale, poetic face buried among the daisy blossoms and sweet alyssum flowers blowing at the foot of the wraithful stone. The sun sank rapidly down in the golden sea of the occidental horizon, and out of the darkening crimson of the western sky trembled Hesperus. The stars glimmered down through leagues and leagues of space, and up and up through heights and uttermost heights of the empyrean shone their tranquil light; and the silvery, floating beams reflected from innumerable worlds looked down upon the green mound where dreamed lovers so near together, and yet so widely sundered.

The town clocks clanging out the hour of midnight, waked Godfrey from slumber.

Around him lay the quiet graves; the katydids sang and the brook laughed and flashed its foamy wings to the sheenful light; the weeping willows shook their mournful leaves, and through the sycamores wailed the weary wind, and the waning moon was sinking in the west.

Looking upon the mound so quiet and green, and thinking of himself so alone and forgotten, he raised aloft his empty arms with great longing and cried aloud:

"Alice, oh Alice, beloved! Come to me, Alice!"

The wailful winds hushed to a whisper, and the darkness trembled and was smote with flaming swords of light that thrust it back and pierced it until shadow was no more visible. A softened radiance tinted the air and lit it with a mystic glory not of earth; a nebulous mist rose before his vision, swaying, bending, vibrating with some innate power, taking slowly the shape of a maiden, who stood smiling upon him with saintly, celestial eyes of no angel. Her immaculate wings were folded, around her form trailed her tresses, and unto him her hands were reached in welcome. Gazing, the light dazed his beholding vision, and it was as he were blind; his brain throbbed and was nearly crazed, and falling prone before her, he moaned in eager anguish:

"How can I touch thee with mine earthly hands—Alice! alice! How can I behold thee with my mortal sight! What is mine earthfined love to thine affection, sanctified a thousand-fold through chastest communion with the angels, thou purest among angels!"

"Have faith, beloved; trust in me, that I have not forgotten, but am with thee ever. Why mournest thou thus, letting life glide away nor fulfilling the mission Christ hath given thee? Did I go from thy presence but to prevent the coming of God's will to pass in the doing of good deeds through thee? Lament not always the irrevocable past. No one is wholly dead. The influence of no life dies. Forget not this, and remember that I am with thee always. Fail not, but rise, oh love, for love of me!"

He felt the touch of her tresses upon his throat, the pressure of her lips upon his brow. And then the light faded, faded, faded, and it was midnight and the moon was sunken.

Rising, he sped with leaping feet from the graveyard, a new flame of life coursing madly through all his veins and knocking at the door of his heart to meet the smouldering fires there. His locks of midnight streamed backward on the rising winds, his wild eyes flashed like flame through utter darkness, his arms were lifted as he reached up unto helping hands that grasped his own, raising him heavenward. By the heavy gate which his quivering fingers could not open, he swooned and heavily fell backward upon the lawn, and his face was white as a narcissus flower. Over him the fragrant lilacs showered their snowy blossoms, and the wind lifted from his temples the dishevelled tresses. The blue-bloused peasants going to their early toil in the fields, found him lying weak and chilled on the ground, and carried him home where no woman's bright face welcomed him, and no heart was crossed with pain that he was suffering and weak as a little child. But he said, "She is with me, her life is in my life. I shall not forget."

Years passed away. The intellectual face that in youth and early manhood had been careless and dreamful of expression had grown very powerful and tender in the strong manhood that had dawned upon his soul. No longer he mourned for his beloved dead; and they who had known him in earlier days marveled exceedingly at the wondrous change in him. He had small care for pleasure, for ordinary delights. Exceedingly sensitive, he was stern to himself, doing all duties without reluctance, sparing self never; toward others full of mercy. His own good learned he to forsake "counting all earthly gain but hurt and loss." Truly, he "chose and bore the cross."

Often as he fasted in prayer, one came to him out of the spirit-land, helping him, cheering him unto new endeavor, blessing him. They who looked upon his noble face so illumined with lofty inspiration felt the better life within them awakened in his presence. They who listened to his impassioned eloquence felt their whole nature stirred and shaken vehemently unto grander aims in life as a forest is shaken through all its shadow-depths of stillness by the mighty whirlwind. Many a heart nigh to breaking he healed with the magic balm of kindness; many feet stained with the blackness of evil turned he unto ways of righteousness; in his path his teachings dropped like dew in a land of dearth upon the heavenward struggling flowers of human souls. Around him grateful blessings were showered like blooms clustering in his pathway. Putting aside the roses he trod upon thorns that blossomed beneath his feet like "the rod of Aaron."

One Sabbath evening Godfrey spoke from his pulpit to the listening, eager throng gathered to hear him. Men who heard him speak that night say that his tongue was inspired as they of pentecost of yore. His eyes held in them light of heaven, and around his brow it is said a halo shown, so akin to the angels was he though still of earth. Some say that over his aged head white hands were held dropping blessings on him even while his arms were extended above the bended brows of those who received his solemn benediction.

The people filed out of the cathedral slowly, wife by husband, sister with sister, child and mother. Some loitered to exchange hushed greetings with one another; some spoke of the preacher and of the sermon, and marveled; many souls were prayer-filled; many feet, straying from righteous paths, turned from ways of death, and remorseful hearts went yearning, yearning, yearning unto God, and the angels rejoiced. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Oh! blessed mourning! Ah! sweet comfort!

The ponderous doors were at last closed. Godfrey alone remained kneeling in the sanctuary to fast and pray till morning.

Midnight. And lurid flames burst from the church. Midnight! And the clanging, brazen bells pealed the dread alarm from clashing tongues. In the streets there was confusion—hurry—uproar—and people running back and forth in the darkness, shouting; and little children wailed, and strong men wailed for him who was at the mercy of the merciless fire! Midnight! And the spiral, rushing, roaring flames mounted to the empyrean!

Godfrey would have hastened forth to save himself—but it was too late. The smoke and flame drove him back, following his receding steps. The red light flamed on wall and ceiling with terrible glare, the tapestry flamed—the lamps were fired and burst, their oil dropping to the pavements in fiery streams; cornice and ornament fell burning, and the heavy beams and timbers blocked the aisles, and tumbled flaming across the flaming organ seat, or barred the portals.

He knelt on the marble steps of the sanctuary with folded palms.

"Christ, is the time come?"

And over him a voice responded,

"The time is come."

Gently his silver head he bowed upon his breast with smiles. Thus was is sweet to love God and die.

"Thy Will be done, oh, Father! Be merciful to me, a sinner."

Was this man a sinner? Then what are we, whose lives hold so little of good?

He felt some mysterious Power severing his soul from earthly things—he heard a heavy sound as of the falling of a body—and he saw himself lying on the marble floor of the sanctuary with serenity and Christian patience and strength illumining the quiet countenance. And no flame came near him, nor touched a hair of his head. Then he knew himself to be a seraph with a seraph's celestial shape and wisdom, and with a seraph's purity and power.

Alice—beautiful! so beautiful!—was with him, smiling into his divine eyes. He could touch her now, for he was no more of earth. He could clasp her to him, beholding her through no indistinct haze of supernal glory. He could love her with the unconfinable affection of immortals.

In the gray dawning they who searched among the smouldering ruins for Godfrey's body, thinking to find it crushed and burned almost beyond recognition, found it lying on the marble floor of the fire-scathed sanctuary. There was no mark of fire on the body, no contortion of the face as of suffocation or of pain. The patient lips were slightly parted as in peaceful dreaming, over the dark eyes fell the fringed lashes, and folded lay the hands across the quiet bosom. They who in silent reverence gazed upon him thus, unscathed and white among ruin and blackness of ashes and ember, marveled exceedingly, and said, "Verily, he is saved in the furnace."

And there was weeping throughout the land, and mourning at many hearth-stones for him that had gone from among them. And there was thanksgiving throughout the land and around many hearth-stones for the rest, and the peace, and the blessedness unto which he had passed, to grieve no more for ever.

*The signification of the name Godfrey is "At Peace with God."

Is Man Descended from the Monkey?

A BABOON'S VIEWS.

This question, raised by the celebrated philosopher, Mr. Darwin, has come up from a new point of view. Si Slokum, of the Leader, has been interviewing a celebrated and distinguished monkey of the Baboon species, on the "descent of man." He (the Baboon) got his back up immediately—was very indignant. He gave Darwin "fits," and denounced him as a base libeler of his race—the monkey race. "What do you take us for?" he asked. "Take Greeley, with his most outrageous and ridiculous farming theories and general unaccountableness, not to say cussedness—do you for a moment imagine that one drop of the blue blood of the ape, the gorilla, the ourang-outang flows in his veins? Perish the thought! There's Train—pshaw!" The Baboon dismissed George Francis with this contemptuous exclamation.

"Take man—hold him up to view. What is he? A fraud. His institutions—examine them. What are they? Humbugs. His professions and practices—they are false and monstrous. His general administration of things—outrageous, is it not? And let me ask you, sir, if monkeys' inhumanity to monkeys makes countless thousands mourn, as does man's? No sir-e-e. Does the monkey imprison for debt?—imprison poor witnesses, or the unfortunate victims of rascals and ruffians in houses of detention, and let the scoundrels go free? Does he flog children in school? club drunken men, and thrust them into cells to die? In short, can the monkeys be charged with doing any of the hundred and one outrageous and cruel things that outrageous and cruel man delights in? No, sir; he is no such man—no such monkey, I mean.

"Are monkeys so demented as to light their dwellings with liquid death in the shape of 'non-explosive fluids?' Not much, when they can get pine torches. Do monkeys conspire to get up 'corners' and things? Never! Do monkeys fool away their time in searching for a Northwest passage, which, when found, would be of no account? Indeed they do not.

"No, sir," he continued, loftily, "our people (how was that for high?) would not be guilty of the absurdities, ridiculosities, damphoolaries and monstrosities that characterize your people; and as their blood does not deteriorate, they could not beget a race that would eat up as your folks do—out of the question, sir, out of the question. We are a pure race; yours is fearfully and wonderfully adulterated. If we ape you at times, it is only that you may see yourselves as others see you, sir. You live in pretentious dwellings, and are all artificiality; we live in places not made by hands, and are all naturalness.

"Sir, I am now engaged upon a work," he continued, drawing himself up to his full height, "which will be a teetotal refutation of Darwin's work, and will prove him to be a liar and a villain! Pardon me, sir, if in the heat of the moment I have made use of the opprobrious terms so often emanating from one of your great philosophers. I do not often so far forget myself, but Darwin has stirred the depths of my heart and roused the blue blood in my veins, the base libeller!"

"No doubt that it will be a great work," we remarked, as the roused Baboon concluded. "When may we look for it, sir?" we asked, with great interest.

"In about three months," he returned. "But do you know," he continued, "that all over the world, wherever our race exists, there are to be held simultaneous mass and indignation meetings on the 4th of July, the great central meeting to come off in Africa, at which meetings Darwin will be denounced as a base libeler, and effectually squelched; man shown up in his true colors, and the monkey's high status and pure blood, which never deteriorates, vindicated triumphantly and forever established? We will show all creation and the 'balance of the world' what man is, and what the monkey."

The Baboon looked proud, he did, and his haughty lip curled with disdain. Of course, we don't know about these indignation meetings to be held, and told him so, and at the same time asked him why he condescended to mingle with the race he so despised. "My dear fellow, why is this thus?" we asked, and patted him on the shoulder. He stepped back, brushed his contaminated shoulder, and with freezing dignity said, "Not any familiarity, if you please, sir."

A mental "whew!" and we wilted, and waited further developments.

"I'll tell you why," he said, at length. "It is not to learn anything from man, but to show him what I know about horseback riding. I have a pride in this direction similar to Horace Greeley's in the direction agricultural. He knows a heap about farming—he thinks—and, wishing all the world to know what he knows about farming, take the means he does to inform the world. He is a theorist, however, while I am a practicalist, if you will permit the word. But it is about time for rehearsal, and I must be going."

"Then you wont admit for a moment that the monkey was man's progenitor, according to Darwin?"

"Sir!" he uttered loftily and indignantly.

"You tectotally deny the soft impeachment, do you?"

The baboon gave us a withering look and walked off, not thinking it worth while to reply—he was too indignant.

Reader, we think Darwin has put his foot in it. Man is as mad as the mischief with him, and the monkey is terribly exercised and "down on" him. Between the two fires, we are willing he should fight it out if it takes his lifetime. As for us, we don't know whether Darwin is correct and baboon wrong, or baboon wrong and Darwin correct. You have your own views, probably.

ITEMS.

☞ The Medical Gazette suggests an inquiry whether the common practice of putting up chewing tobacco in lead foil may not account for some of the numerous cases of lead poisoning not traced to any recognized source.

☞ A Western paper states that the race of giants is renewed near Lone Jack, Mo., in the persons of a man eight feet and six inches in height, with a twelve year old daughter already nearly seven feet high. They attain this enormous stature on corn-cake, being too poor to have much else.

☞ A gentleman addressing a passionate love-letter to a lady in the same town, added this curious postcript: "Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

☞ The New Orleans Times suggests that Darwin's new theory should be re-named "The Monkey Wrench."

☞ The father of all corn—Pop corn.

☞ "The Pacific mails"—Quiet husbands.

☞ In late wedding toilets, clematis, white lilies, white lilacs, and lilies of the valley have been used, as well as orange blossoms.

☞ ART DOGMA.—An artist's wife never admires her husband's work so much as when he is drawing her a check.

☞ "Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, no piece can be repeated," was the answer Waite received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

☞ Offenbach has written another opera bouffe called the "Butterflies." Critics say that he is evidently only working for his grub.

☞ The new bug exterminator unfortunately has no effect on humbugs.

☞ Pearls, mosaic, and cameo jewelry are now all the rage.

☞ Doubtless the reason why the Jews caught their fish mostly by nets was because Moses expressly stated to them before they crossed the Jordan, that they could not have any Moabites there.

☞ A correspondent of the Tuskaloosa Observer, giving excuses for his bad writing, says: "I have just come in from splitting rails for dinner." Rather rough fare, we should judge.

☞ A lady who had a great horror of tobacco, got into a railway carriage the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chew, if you want one."

☞ The other day one of the "High Jotnts," as the English Commissioners are irreverently called by the Washington *Capitol*, said to a pretty girl. "Where are all your handsome men? The ladies are all very well, but 'pon my soul, you know, I haven't seen a handsome man since I've been here." "Ah," said the young lady, sweetly, "but you have handsome men in England, I presume!" "Oh, yes, of course, plenty of them?" "Then, why," she asked, "did not the Queen send one here?"

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
Make up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

☞ Scioto (Ohio) Gazette in chronicling the death of a young man, touchingly says he was estimable, pious, a true Christian, and the best base-ball "short-stop" in that section.

☞ A student at Yale startled the class at recitation the other day. "What stars never set?" asked the Professor, when "Roosters!" was his prompt reply.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls sold at from $5.25@5.50 for superfine; $5.70@6 for extra; $6.25@7.25 for Northwest extra family; $6.25@6.75 for Penna extra family; $6.75@7.75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9.50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5.87½@6 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—80,000 bus sold at $1.62@1.66 for Indiana red; $1.62@1.65 for Ohio red; $1.58@1.62 for Penna red; $1.67@1.70 for Western amber. Rye—Sales of 1500 bus at $1.10@1.12 for Penna. Corn—Sales of 103,000 bus at 74@75c for mixed; 76@77c for Delaware yellow; 76@77c for Penna yellow; and 75c for white. Oats—Sales of 70,000 bus at 62½@63c for black, 63@64c for mixed, and 67@70c for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $17, and extra prime at $14.50. Mess Beef is steady at $18 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $27@30 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; Excelsior hams at 16c; sides at 9½@10½c, and shoulders at 7½@8c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 11@12½c; sides at 9c, and shoulders, in salt, at 6@6½c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tierces at 10½@11½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of interior packed at 10@15c; Penna store packed at 20@21c, and roll at 20@23c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 19@20c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 10@13c ₱ lb.

COTTON—800 bales of middlings sold at 16@17c ₱ lb for upland, and 16½@17c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—50 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@21 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 24@24½c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Apples and Dried Peaches—Sales at 12@14c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@7 ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 7@15c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₱ 100 lbs. $1,20@1,30; mixed do. $1,00@1,10; straw, $1,40@1,50.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No 1 at $26 ₱ ton; No 2 at $22; and Grey Forge at $23 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $22,50@24 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at 8@8½c ₱ lb. Timothy at $5@6. Flaxseed sells at $2,30.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 4½@8¾ cts ₱ lb. 300 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 5@7c ₱ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $7@7,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Dissipation and Late Hours.

After the festal night comes the miserable next morning, with its headache, its qualms, its gloomy reflections. Business must be attended to; but neither mind nor body is fit for business. What is to be done? How are the energies of the system to be worked up, and its reserves of vitality brought out? How is the clouded brain to be cleared?—the languid and relaxed frame braced up for action? Under such circumstances, a single wine-glassful of PLANTATION BITTERS will bring about an immediate and beneficial change, and a healthful glow will be diffused through the whole organization by the tonic operation of this wholesome cordial.

See MOSS FARINA, made from Pure Irish Moss, is considered by all who have used it to be a most delightful, healthful and economical food.

☞ A gentleman who has lived for many years in sight of the ocean says it is an undeniable fact that the vicinity of the C always makes a hilly location chilly.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York

ap22-tf

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from all parts of the body in *five minutes without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 106 south eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may27-12t

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes* and effects a speedy cure. Price $3 by mail. Address, S. C. UPHAM, 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. may27 12t

A Chapter of Facts.

Space is valuable in a newspaper, and it is therefore proposed in this advertisement to condense a variety of facts, important to the public, into a small compass. Those facts refer to HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—what that celebrated medicine is, and what it will do. In the first place, then, the article is a stimulant, tonic and alterative, consisting of a combination of an absolutely pure spirituous agent with the most valuable medicinal vegetable substances that Botanic research has placed at the disposal of the chemist and the physician. Those ingredients are compounded with great care, and in such proportions as to produce a preparation which invigorates without exciting the general system, and tones, regulates and controls the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the minor secretive organs.

What this great restorative will do must be gathered from what it has done. The case of dyspepsia, or any other form of indigestion, in which it has been persistently administered without effecting a radical cure, is yet to be heard from, and the same may be said of bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental disabilities to which the feeble are so subject. It pervades all the fluids of the body, including the blood, and the gentle stimulus which it imparts to the nervous system is not succeeded by the slightest reaction. This is a chapter of facts which readers, for their own sakes, should mark and remember. jn2-4t

FITS: FITS: FITS: FITS:

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $2; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-2m

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.* nov26 6m

500,000 PEOPLE have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 212 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1857. ap8-3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 3m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "**Family Physician,**" 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make a lady of 35 look as if she were but 18. It gives the complexion a lively, pearl-like appearance, exceedingly beautiful, and perfectly natural. It removes Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sallowness, &c., and in a very few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Any lady who wishes to be pleased with herself and to please others will certainly use this article. Then crown your hair with Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect. The Kathairon stimulates the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out and turning gray, and is the best hair dressing in the world. All Druggists keep these articles. may20 4t

Interesting to Ladies.

I have a Grover & Baker Elastic Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine which has been in constant use for *eleven years*. It has done every variety of sewing for a large family, besides some sewing outside. It has not cost me *one cent for repairs* during that period of time. I think it decidedly the best machine in use.

MRS. M. E. LORD,
Lexington, Ky.

Those Who Desire a Brilliancy of Complexion

should beware of cheap patent Pills, or other Cathartics containing Calomel and Mercury. Use Nature's Remedy, HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA and HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS. Component parts—Fluid Extract Rhubarb and Fluid Extract Grape Juice. For Liver complaints, Jaundice, Bilious Affections, Dyspepsia, Sick or Nervous Headache, Costiveness, &c., the Pills are unequalled.

GO!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Are we moved by an unseen hand?"—*Tennyson.*

You are free! Go, faithless,
I hold the open door,
And bid you never enter,
To darken this room more.

I bid you take this symbol,
This empty idle ring!
I'm sorry now for ever
Having prized the silly thing.

My love for you is over,
Is dead and buried low!
The unreal glimmer faileth,
I'm saved a world of woe.

From out the flimsy draping,
There comes a subtle gleam,
That tells of hidden dangers,
We women little dream.

Don't think me tender-hearted!
You pass from out my life
More truly than if never
I'd been your promised wife.

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 4.

Baron Trenck.—(Continued.)

"I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long, by which the table was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, but preserved their heads, that I might put them again in their places, that all might appear secure to my weekly visitors. This procured me tools to raise up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first attempt was to work a hole through the wall, seven feet thick behind, and concealed by the table. The first layer was of brick; I afterwards came to large hewn stones. I endeavored accurately to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, so that I might replace them, that all might appear safe. This having been accomplished, I awaited the day of visitation. All was carefully replaced, and the intervening mortar as carefully preserved. The cell had probably been whitewashed a hundred times, and, that I might fill up all remaining interstices, I pounded the white stuff from the walls, wetted it, made a brush of my hair, washed it over, that the color might be uniform, and afterwards stripped myself, and sat, with my naked body against the place, by the heat of which it was dried.

"While laboring, I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead; and had they taken the precaution to come at any other time of the week, the stated Wednesday excepted, I had inevitably been discovered; but as no such ill accident befell me, in six months my Herculean labors gave me a prospect of success.

"Means were to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison, all of which, in so thick a wall, it was impossible to replace. Mortar and stone could not be removed. I therefore took the earth, scattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to dust, which I strewed in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened table to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together, with the ravelled yarn of an old stocking, and to this I affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle grating, which could not be seen by any one standing on the ground, and through this I pushed my dust with the tool I had prepared in the outer window, then waiting till the wind rose, during the night I brushed it away. It was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outside.

"By this single expedient, I rid myself of at least three hundred weight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labors; yet this being still insufficient, I had recourse to many other artifices, among them that of kneading up the earth into little balls, which, and when the sentinel's back was turned, I blew through a paper tube out of the window. Into the empty space I put my mortar and stones, and worked on successfully.

"I cannot, however, describe my difficulties after having penetrated about two feet into the hewn stone. My tools were the irons I had dug out, which fastened my bedstead and table. A compassionate soldier also gave me an old iron ramrod, and a soldier's sheath knife, which did me excellent service, more especially the latter, as I shall presently more fully show. With the knife I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interstices of the stone; yet the labor of penetrating through this seven-feet wall was incredible. The building was ancient, and the mortar occasionally quite petrified, so that the whole stone was obliged to be reduced to dust. After continuing my work unremittingly for six months, I at length approached the accomplishment of my hopes, as I knew by coming to the facing of brick which alone remained between me and the adjoining casemate.

"Meantime, I found opportunity to speak to some of the sentinels, among whom was an old grenadier, called Gefaardt, whom I here name because he displayed qualities of the greatest and most noble kind. From him I learned the precise situation of my prison, and every circumstance that might best conduce to my escape.

"Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, so crossing the Elbe with Gefhardt, I might take refuge in Saxony. By Gefhardt's means I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, and a native of Dessau, Esther Heymannin by name, whose father had been ten years in prison. This good, compassionate maiden, whom I had never seen, won over two grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood sentinel. By tying my splinters together, I made a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisadoes that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

"I now wrote to my sister, the wife of the before-mentioned only son of General Waldow, described my awful situation, and entreated her to remit three hundred rix-dollars to the Jewess, hoping by this means I might escape from my prison. I then wrote another affecting letter to Count Puebla, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, in which was enclosed a draft for a thousand florins on my effects at Vienna, desiring him to remit these to the Jewess, having promised her that sum as a reward for her fidelity. She was to bring the three hundred rix dollars my sister should send me, and take measures with the grenadiers to facilitate my flight, which nothing seemed able to prevent; I having the power either to break into the casemate, or, aided by the grenadiers and the Jewess, or cut the locks from the doors and that way escape my dungeon. The letters were open, I being obliged to roll them round the stick to convey them to Esther.

"The faithful girl diligently proceeded to Berlin, where she arrived safely, and immediately spoke to Count Puebla. The count gave her the kindest reception, received the letter, with the letter of exchange, and bade her go and speak to Weingarten, the secretary of the embassy, and act entirely as he should direct. She was received by Weingarten in the most friendly manner, and he, by his questions, drew from her the whole secret, our intended plan of flight, and the names of the two grenadiers who were to aid us. She told him also that she had a letter for my sister, which she must carry to Hammer, near Custin.

"He asked to see this letter, read it, told her to proceed on her journey, gave her two ducats to bear her expenses, and ordered her to come to him on her return; adding that during this interval he would endeavor to obtain the thousand florins for my draft, and would then give her further instructions.

"Esther cheerfully departed for Hammer, where my sister, then a widow, and no longer, as in 1746, in dread of her husband, immediately gave her a letter to me, with three hundred rix dollars, exhorting her to exert every possible means to obtain my deliverance. Having prospered so far, Esther hastened back to Berlin, with the letter from my sister, and told Weingarten all that passed, whom she allowed to read the letter. He told her the two thousand florins from Vienna were not yet come, but gave her twelve ducats, bade her hasten to Magdeburg, to carry me all this good news, and then return to Berlin, where he would pay her the thousand florins. Esther came to Magdeburg, went immediately to the citadel, and most luckily met the wife of one of the grenadiers, who told her that her husband and his comrade had been taken and put in irons the day before. Esther's quickness of perception told her that we had been betrayed: she, therefore, instantly again began her travels, and happily came safe to Dessau."

One of the grenadiers was hung, the other cruelly tortured. Trenck's sister was condemned to pay a heavy fine, and the expenses of building a new cell for her brother. Trenck did not know at first what had happened, but he was soon informed of it by Gefhardt, who told him that his new prison would be finished in a month. Frederic, who had come to Magdeburg to hold a review, himself designed the chains for the limbs of his victim. Meanwhile Trenck was still in hopes of regaining his liberty. As yet nothing had been discovered of his subterranean operations. His preparations were at length finished, and he was getting ready to fly during the night, when suddenly the doors were opened; he was seized, and bound hand and foot; a bandage was placed over his eyes, and he was dragged away to his new cell. His feelings are best described in his own words:—

"The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. Great Heaven! what were my feelings when I beheld the floor covered with chains, a fire pan, and two grim men standing with their smith's hammers.

"These engines of despotism went to work at once: enormous chains were fixed to my ankles at one end, and at the other to a ring which was fixed in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next riveted another huge iron ring of a hand's breadth round my naked body, to which, hung a chain fixed into an iron bar as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756.

"No soul bade me good-night. All retired in dreadful silence, and I heard the horrible grating of four doors that were successively locked and bolted upon me.

"Thus does man act by his fellow, knowing him to be innocent, in blind obedience to the commands of another man.

"Oh, God! Thou alone knowest how my heart, void as it was of guilt, beat at this moment. There I sat, destitute, alone, in thick darkness, upon the bare earth, with a weight of fetters insupportable to nature, thanking Thee that these cruel men had not discovered my knife by which my miseries might yet find an end. Death is a last certain refuge that can indeed bid defiance to the rage of tyranny. What shall I say. How shall I make the reader feel as I then felt? How describe my despondency, and yet account for that latent impulse that withheld my hand on this fatal, this miserable night?

"The misery I foresaw was not of short duration. I had heard of the wars that were lately broken out between Austria and Prussia. To patiently wait their termination amid sufferings and wretchedness such as mine, appeared impossible, and freedom even then was doubtful. Sad experience had I had of Vienna, and well I knew that those who had despoiled me of my property would most anxiously endeavor to prevent my return. Such were my meditations, such my night thoughts. Day at length returned, but where was the splendor? I beheld it not, yet its glimmering obscurity was sufficient to show me my dungeon.

"In breadth, the cell was about eight feet; in length, ten. Near me stood a table; in a corner was a seat four brick broad, on which I might sit and recline against the wall opposite to the ring to which I was fastened; the light was admitted through a semicircular aperture one foot high, and two in diameter. This aperture ascended to the centre of the wall, which was six feet thick, and at this central part was a close iron grating from which outward the aperture descended, having its two extremities again closely secured by strong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the apperture by which the light entered was so covered by the wall of the rampart, that instead of finding immediate passage, the light only gained admission by reflection. This, considering the smallness of the aperture and the impediments of grating and iron bars, made the obscurity very great, yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to this gloom, that I could see a mouse run. In winter, however, when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was dense night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window, most curiously formed with a small central casement, which might be opened to admit the air. The name of Trenck was built in the wall in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone with the name of Trenck also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, two inches thick; without, there was an open space in front of the cell, to which was a window. And this space was likewise shut in by double doors. The ditch in which this dreadful den was built was inclosed on both sides by palisadoes twelve feet high, the key of the gate of which was intrusted to the officer of the guard, it being the king's intention to prevent all possibility of speech or communication with the sentinel. The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms to procure myself warmth. When more accustomed to the fetters, I became capable of moving from side to side about four feet, but this pained my shin-bones.

The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and everybody supposed it impossible I should exist above a fortnight after breathing the damp air. I remained six months, continually drenched with very cold water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches above; and I can safely affirm that for the first three months I was never dry, yet I continued in health. I was visited daily at noon, after the relieving of guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for some minutes, otherwise the dampness of the air put out my gaolers' candles.

"This was my situation. And here I sat, destitute of friends, helplessly wretched, preyed on by all the tortures of an imagination that continually suggested the most gloomy, the most horrid, the most dreadful of images. My heart was not yet wholly turned to stone; my fortitude was reduced to despondency; my dungeon was the very cave of despair; yet was my arm restrained, and this excess of misery endured.

"How, then, may hope be wholly eradicated from the heart of man? My fortitude, after some time, began to revive. I glowed with the desire of convincing the world I was capable of suffering what man had never suffered before, perhaps of, at last, emerging from beneath this load of wretchedness triumphant over my enemies. So long and so fondly did my fancy dwell on this picture that my mind at length acquired a heroism which Socrates himself certainly never possessed. Age had benumbed his sense of pleasure, and he drank the poisonous draught with cool indifference; but I was young, inured to high hopes, yet now beholding deliverance impossible, or at an immense, a dreadful distance. Such, too, were my other sufferings of soul and body that I could not hope and live.

"About noon my door was opened. Sorrow and compassion were painted on the countenances of my keepers; no one spoke, no one bade me 'Good morrow!' Dreadful, indeed, was the sound of their arrival; for the monstrous bolts and bars moved with difficulty, and the noise of their removal would be resounding for a good half hour through the vaults of the prison.

"But at length a camp bed, mattress and blankets were brought me, and beside it an ammunition loaf of six pounds' weight. 'That you may no more complain of hunger,' said the town major, when the loaf was laid before me, 'you shall have as much bread as you can eat.' The door was shut, and I again left to my thoughts."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is the Interior of the Earth Solid or Fluid?

BY PROF. DAVID FORBES.

Although the doctrine that the earth is a molten sphere, surrounded by a thin crust of solid matter, was once almost universally taught by geologists, there have of late years been brought forward several arguments to the contrary, which, apparently, are more in favor of its being a solid, or nearly a solid mass throughout; and these arguments are fully entitled to our consideration, as our object is not to defend any particular theory, but to arrive, as nearly as we can, at the truth. I will, therefore, in the first place, proceed to accumulate all which has been brought forward in opposition to the older hypothesis, and then to consider whether any other explanation yet advanced is more in accordance with the facts of the case.

First of all, we are to answer the question as to whether it is possible for such a thin crust to remain solid, and not at once to become melted up and absorbed into the much greater mass of molten matter beneath it? This latter would doubtless be the case, if the fluid mass had any means of keeping up its high temperature, independently of the amount of heat it actually possessed when it originally assumed the form of an igneous globe. The question, however, in reality, answers itself in the negative, since it is evident that no crust could even commence to form on the surface, unless the sphere itself was at the moment actually giving off more heat, from its outer surface to the surrounding atmosphere, than it could supply from its more central parts, in order to keep the whole in a perfectly fluid condition; so that, when once such a crust, however thin, had formed upon the surface it is self-evident that it could not again become melted up or reabsorbed into the fluid mass below.

This external process, of solidification due to refrigeration, would then continue going on from the outside inward, until a thickness of crust had been attained sufficient to arrest, or neutralize (owing to its bad conductibility of heat,) both the cooling action of the surrounding air and the loss of more heat from the molten mass within; and thus a stage would soon be arrived at when both these actions would so counterbalance one another, that the further cooling down of the earth could be all but arrested; a condition ruling at the present time, since the earth-surface, at this moment, so far from receiving any, or more than a minute amount of heat from the interior, appears to depend entirely, as regards its temperature, upon the heat which it receives from the sun's rays.

We have next to consider the argument that, if the earth's exterior were in reality only such a thin covering, or crust, like the shell of an egg, to which it has often been likened, such a thickness would be altogether insufficient to give to it that stability which we know it to possess, and that, consequently, it could never sustain the enormous weight of its mountain ranges, such as, for example, the Himalayas of Asia, or the Andes of America, which are, as it were masses of rock piled up high above its mean surface level.

At first sight, this style of reasoning not only appears plausible, but even seems to threaten to upset the entire hypothesis altogether. It requires but little sober consideration, however, to prove that it is rather, so to speak, sensational in character than actually founded on the facts of the case; for it is only requisite for us to be able to form in our minds some tangible idea of the relative proportion which the size of even the highest mountain bears to that of the entire globe itself, to convince us, if such a crust could once form and support itself, that it could with ease support the weight of the mountains also. The great Himalayan chain of mountains rises to a maximum altitude of thirty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty feet, or six miles above the level of the sea; and, if the earth could be seen reduced in scale down to the size of an orange, to all intents and purposes it would look like an almost smooth ball, since even the highest mountains and deepest valleys upon its surface would present to the eye no greater inequalities in outline than the little pimples and hollows on the outside of the skin of an ordinary orange. If this thin crust of the earth can support itself, it is not at all likely to be crushed in by the comparatively speaking, insignificant weight of our greatest mountain chains; for, in point of fact, it would be quite as unreasonable to maintain such a disposition, as to declare that the shell of a hen's egg would be crushed in by simply laying a piece of a similar egg-shell upon its outside.

Treat a very thin spheroidal crust, or shell, enclosing a body of liquid matter, such as an ordinary fowl's egg, does possess in itself an enormous degree of stability and power to resist pressure from without, is easily demonstrated by merely loading a small portion of its surface with weights, as long as it does not give way under them. Even when placed on its side (or least strong position,) it is found that a portion of the shell, only one quarter of an inch square, will sustain several pounds weight without showing any symptoms of either cracking or crushing; or, in other words, this simple experiment indicates that, if the external crust of the earth were but as thick and strong in proportion as an egg-shell, it would be fully capable of sustaining masses, equal in volume and weight to many Himalayas, piled up one atop of another, without any danger whatever to its stability.

THE FAIR ROSAMOND.

The golden evening barns right through
My dark chamber windows twain:
I listen, all round me is only a grave,
Yet listen I ever again.
Will he come? I pluck the flower-leaves off,
And at each, cry, yes, no, yes.
I blow the down from the dry hawkweed,
Once, twice, hah! it flies amiss!
Oh the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay!

Hark! he comes! Yet his footstep sounds
As it sounded never before!
Perhaps he thinks to steal on me,
But I'll hide behind the door.
She ran, she stopped, stood still as stone—
It was Queen Eleanore—
And at once she felt what sudden death
The hungering she-wolf bore!
Oh the leaves, brown, yellow and red, still fall—
Fall and fall over churchyard and hall!

Wonderful Sagacity of a Dog.

The following story, strange as it may appear, is vouched by several witnesses whose testimony is unimpeachable. A short time ago a female Newfoundland dog was in the habit of coming to the house of a lady in this city who would throw to it pieces of cold meat, which the dog would eat, and, having satisfied its hunger, go away again. So confirmed did this habit become that, at a certain hour daily, the lady would expect the dog, and the animal would put in an appearance. A few days ago, before feeding her, the lady said to her, "Why don't you bring me one of your puppies?" repeating the question several times as she stood at the window, the dog looking her in the face with an expression of intelligence as if it understood every word the lady said. The next day, to the lady's astonishment, at the usual hour, the dog returned, and, lo and behold! was accompanied by a little puppy. The lady fed both dogs and then took up the puppy into the window, when the old dog scampered off and did not return for three days. At the end of that time the dog again appeared, when, after feeding it, the lady said—"Next time bring all your puppies; I want to see them." And yesterday morning, sure enough, the dog returned, accompanied by three Newfoundland pups. Several of the neighbors saw the whole transaction, and declared that they considered this one of the most wonderful proofs of the sagacity of the dog they have ever known. Where the dog came from and to whom it belongs is not known; but we have the name of the lady and also of those who were eye-witnesses to the occurrences as narrated by us.—*Portland Press.*

Why a Clergyman Dyed His Hair.

A clergyman in Massachusetts, who has seen his two score and ten, was complimented on his halo and youthful looks the other day. Smiling, he touched his handsome brown hair, and replied—

"You know they have a way of helping old men a little these days."

"What!" said his friend, "have you been coloring your hair?"

"Yes," replied he; "I have been doing what I once thought nothing would induce me to do. I have been turning my gray hair brown—and I will tell you how I was brought to it. After leaving my position as ——, I proposed to go back into the ministry and become a parish minister. Accordingly, as I had opportunity, I preached to some few destitute churches, and was gratified to hear at the conclusion of my services that the people were well pleased with my preaching, and but for my gray hair would gladly have me for a pastor; but they could not think of so old a man. Well, while I was going through this experience, an old friend suggested to me to color my hair, and thus remove from the eyes of the people the reproach of being an old man. And I consented, finally, to make this experiment. And what do you think? The very first time that I preached with brown hair upon my head, I was greeted with a call to settle in the ministry, and have ever since been the happy pastor of a united and apparently perfectly satisfied people."

So much for the color of one's hair—so much in proof that looks are something, after all, notwithstanding the old proverb that looks are nothing and behavior is all.

☞ The new style of ladies' hats are very beautiful. They resemble a pen-wiper with a fringe, and are quite becoming.

JOHN.

I stand behind his elbow chair,
My soft hand rests upon his hair—
Hair whose silver is dearer to me
Than all the gold of earth could be;
And my eyes of brown
Look tenderly down
On John, *my* John.

The firelight leaps and laughs and warms—
Wraps us both in its ruddy arms—
John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
Me with my hands on his dear old head—
Encircling us both
Like a ring of troth,
Me and *my* John.

His form has lost its early grace,
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face;
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
For time has left its autograph there;
But a noble prize, in my loving eyes,
Is John, *my* John.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands,
Browned by the suns of other lands,
In tender clasp on mine to lay—
"How long ago was our wedding day?"
I smile through my tears,
And say, "Years and years,
My John, *dear* John."

We say no more—the firelight glows;
Both of us muse, on what—who knows?
My hands drop down in a mute caress—
Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
With my wife's best worth
The heart and the hearth
Of John, *my* John.

THORA.

A SEA-SHORE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"Thora, the fairest of women," brushed out her bronze-brown hair and threaded it through and through with her supple fingers, until it floated over her shoulders and down her back like a gilded banner.

Then she peeped in the little broken mirror to see if her simple toilet was complete, and smiled at the bright image reflected. Such a dazzling, bewildering, alluring image it was, despite the plain print robe, girded at the waist, with only a bit of white at wrist and neck, and a spray of green seaweed twisted in the dusky hair.

The plainest and the poorest of apparel could not dim the lustre of those wonderful, fathomless eyes, could not steal the luscious color from those rare, sweet lips, or alter the marble beauty of the whole exquisite face. The loosely girded robe only seemed to display the grace of her rounded figure more fully; and Empress Eugenie herself, in all her gorgeous apparel, never moved with more queenly grace, never was one half so lovely as Thora McNeil, the fisherman's daughter, as she tripped down the rickety stairs into the wide, sunny kitchen of the cottage by the sea.

So thought Sid Reece, sitting in the door, with a basket of fish at his side. Great, awkward, big-hearted, dull-brained Sid Reece, who loved dreaming Thora McNeil with the first and best love of his honest heart. He was a well-to-do young fisherman, owned a house and a share in a fishing schooner, and was considered a very good match by those sea-faring people; and many an old dame shook her head and declared him a fool to go making love to that white-faced, flighty McNeil girl, who was not half good enough for him, while scores of steady girls, who would make the best of wives, were holding their hearts in their hands and all but asking him to take them.

But the fisher wives might gossip and the maidens might simper, and all to no purpose. Sid Reece's heart was not to be so easily shaken from its allegiance. It was bound and fettered by the bronze-brown strands of Thora McNeil's hair, and he could not get it free.

And so one day he came up close to her side there by the sea and blurted out his love for her, and asked her to be his wife in his awkward, blundering way.

Not even a wave of color came into Thora's marble cheek. A little frown contracted her brow. Sid's bad grammar always annoyed her, and to-night it jarred upon her strangely. She was not surprised at his proposal; she had expected it some time, for she knew he loved her. Did she love him? she asked the question of her heart, as she stood there leaning on the gate. She thought she did. She knew of no one she liked better. She remembered her father's words one day, "Sid Reece is a fine, honest young man, Thora. He will make some woman a good husband." She thought her father favored his suit—she supposed she must marry, like other girls, some time, and so she answered Sid, after a few moments' silence,

"Yes, I think I do love you, Sid, and I will marry you."

Just then a carriage dashed down the street, drawn by two spirited grays. An elderly man held the reins, and a young man sat at his side—a young man and a stranger, who turned his handsome and refined face upon Thora as they whirled by, and looked her full in the eyes. It was but a second, yet Thora flushed o'er to the temples, and her heart thrilled with a strange and novel sensation.

Sid's voice broke the spell.

"Lots of big bugs comin' round these 'ere parts now days," he said. "This 'ere little place is gettin' to be quite a fashionable waterin' resort for nobbys. There's a whole lot of boarders at Widow Simmons', and some at Father Greenway's."

"Indeed!" Thora said, lifting up her eyes in surprise. "I have heard nothing of it."

"Oh yes, this 'ere fellow that just rode by, boards down at Widow Simmons'. He's a lawyer or something from the city. They're all nobbys an' rich folks."

Then Sid fell to talking about their future, pleading for an early marriage, but Thora did not want to talk about it.

"Arrange it all with father," she said, turning toward the house, and leaving him alone in the twilight.

Sid heaved a sigh as he walked toward home.

"She's so strange like," he said to himself. "I can't understand her, but I 'spose it's all right. But she seems so different from all the folks I know."

And well Sid might think so. She was different from those fisher people.

"Strange and romantic-like," the neighbors called her and her father.

"They are sort o' odd and strange," with a shake of the head.

But though they had quizzed and wondered John McNeil had told them nothing of himself in all these sixteen years he had dwelt amongst them, and they had ceased to wonder now, and accepted him for what they knew him to be, a kind, generous, but moody and reticent man.

John McNeil had not always been a fisherman. Seventeen years before he was a prosperous merchant; dwelling in luxury in the heart of a great city. But one day there came a crash; a great financial flood, which swept away all his wealth and left him a poor man. It was a great blow, but John McNeil could have borne it bravely, could have accepted a humbler lot, and cheerfully toiled for his daily bread. But one morning he arose to find himself and his two-year old prattler, Thora, deserted—disgraced—dishonored. The wife of his bosom—the beautiful child-bride whom he had wedded but a few years before—had flown with an old lover.

"I never loved you," she wrote in the cruel note that he found upon the mantle, "I was bought from the man I loved by your gold. Now that is gone I have nothing to bind me to you, and I am going across the sea with one who loves me, and whom I love."

It seemed to John McNeil that all the fires of hell could not equal the horrible pain that tore at his heart-strings and brain in that one first hour. But for the helpless babe who ran about the house calling for "mamma, mamma," he would have cursed God and blown out his brains. But he did neither. He lived, as people do live, in spite of the terrible and crushing blows that fall upon their quivering hearts. But he sold all that was left to him, and turning his back upon the great, noisy, wicked city forever, he sought out a distant, retired, dreary place by the sea, and there buried himself and his infant Thora from the world.

And there he had lived, and Thora had grown to womanhood in this strange society. A few books he had taken with him, alone of all his possessions; he could not let his child grow up in ignorance, and he taught her from these volumes—chemistry, philosophy, botany, and she became versed in these, and was learned beyond her years. But he told her nothing of the world—he let no works of fiction and romance fall into her hands, or aught that could breathe to her of what he so carefully guarded her from. He saw with dull pain how day by day her face grew more and more like that *other* face, and he vowed a vow that he would shut her from the world and from temptation.

He smiled upon her that June night as she came to him and said, "Father I have promised to marry Sid. Is that right?"

"Thank God," he said, drawing her down to his side and stroking her bright hair. "He is a good man, and your life will be peaceful and happy with him. Do you love him, my child?"

"Oh yes, of course, father," Thora answered quietly, and then wondered in her heart if her feeling towards Sid was all there was in love. Poor child! had she ever read any books of fiction, the way would have been plainer to her, the truth clearer. Those romances help human hearts wonderfully sometimes.

Sid came over the following day to talk the long-dreamed of marriage over with Thora and her father. Thora listened just long enough to hear Sid name October for the wedding to take place, and to hear her father give his consent, and then she ran out and down upon the beach to be alone. The air of the house seemed suffocating, and she felt strangely oppressed. She unlocked a boat, and taking up the oars rowed swiftly out into the quiet ocean. Once well out from shore she let the oars drop, and with her face upon her hand fell into a revery as she drifted with the tide. Such a dreamy, strange revery, and though not twenty-four hours betrothed to the man she said she loved, yet he had no part whatever in her dreamings. She wondered about the world which she had never seen; about the lands over the ocean, and the people who inhabited them; and then she fell to wondering about the handsome gentlemen who had passed her at the gate, and closing her eyes she could picture his fine-featured face, with the fair hair tossed off his forehead in thick, wavy curls.

Just then she heard the swish of an oar; and looking up quickly, she met the deep, blue eyes of the hero of her dreaming fixed full upon her face, as he shot by her in a light boat. And again that nameless thrill shook her whole frame—and with a strange tumult in heart and brain, she turned toward shore.

Sid had not gone when she reached home—but she stole up to her room, and did not see him again that night.

Down upon the beach again early the next morning she strolled, while her father lay sleeping. She had been wakeful and restless all that night, and she arose at early dawn and sought the beach. But she was not alone, even there. Two men were there before her; coming toward her, as she stood upon the white sands, looking out seaward. She heard their footsteps, but did not look up.

"Good-morning, Miss Thora," a cheery voice said close at her side.

It was Widow Simmons's son Peter. Thora glanced up, and again the blue eyes were upon her face.

"Mr. Filmore, this is Miss McNeil," Peter said, blushing awkwardly: but neither minded him.

Reed Filmore bowed over the slender hand—and Thora felt herself flushing to carnation, under the ardent gaze of those wonderful eyes.

Peter strode ahead, whistling gayly; and Reed Filmore and Thora walked on, side by side, chatting pleasantly.

"I am happily surprised in the little Hebe," Reed said, mentally, as he walked back to Widow Simmons's half an hour later. "I thought she was probably like all those fisherwomen, ignorant and coarse, in spite of that glorious face that struck me so at the first glance. But I find she is delicate and refined as any lady in the land. I wonder how she came so."

That was only the beginning. Reed Filmore did not let the acquaintance end there. He sought Thora McNeil's society; he walked with her upon the beach, he rowed with her, and he dropped in occasionally at her home. John McNeil did not repulse this stranger from the outside world. He would sit and talk with him for hours upon serious subjects, and seemed to watch for his coming. He never thought of him in connection with Thora—she never spoke of him, or of their strolls upon the beach, and the father felt no fear of her wavering in her constancy to Sid. And when the truth burst upon him, it nearly crazed him.

He was in the market one day in late summer or early autumn, and standing near one the of stalls, he heard this scrap of a conversation between two fishermen which opened his eyes.

"She's always felt above us all," one was saying, "always held her head high—and it's no wonder she's taken a fancy to the fine-dressed gentleman. And Sid Reece, th' fool, is blind to it all, and n'er thinks th' walks upon the beach, and th' boat rides may lead to mischief."

"Ah, well, it 'l be a sorry day for her poor father, if the stranger goes away, as he will ere long, and leave th' girl with a broken heart; for the good man loves the party thing right well."

Thora sat alone, stitching at some coarse garment, when her father returned. She did not know of his presence until she heard his voice.

"Girl!" so hoarse and strange it sounded that she started in terror, and his face was so stern and white that it struck a chill to her heart. "Girl! I have heard it all! your name is bandied about in the market place; and my eyes are opened at last. Fool that I have been to let this thing go on. Fool that I was to ever let that wolf from the black world enter my fold! Oh, you may stand and stare, you base, deceitful creature! the blood of your false mother runs riot in your veins, and you are false to the core of your heart. Pledged to Sid Reece—your wedding-day approaching—you get listen to words of love from another; you yet are wooed by a base villain, who seeks you only for your ruin."

And then, for the first time in her life, Thora McNeil heard of her mother's treachery, and her father's wrongs: heard for the first time the story which had been so long withheld from her.

"And you," he cried, "whom I have so shielded from the world, to be like her—deceitful, false, at last. Oh, Heaven, why have I lived to see this day?"

"Hush!" Thora's voice was low and penetrating, and her face rigid as death. "You must not speak so to me, your child, father. I have done nothing, God knows, to merit your censure. I *do* love Reed Filmore, I *have* walked with him upon the beach—but as God is my judge, he has never spoken one word of love to me—never one word that you might not hear. He has been a courteous friend to me, nothing more; and his is not the blame, if I have learned to love him. I am betrothed to Sid Reece—and as I live, I will keep my vow, will fulfil my promise, and be true to him. Though I have my mother's face, I can yet be true to the man I have promised to marry. We will speak no more upon this subject."

Down upon the beach she sped, where she knew Reed Filmore waited.

"Now for a row!" he said gayly, but started in surprise at her white face.

"Hush!" she said, "there are no more rows for you and me. You must go away—you must not see me again. They are talking about us, and I am the betrothed wife of Sid Reece."

He caught her hand as she turned to leave him. "But I cannot go! I will not go! I love you, and I cannot leave you."

"Don't, don't!" she cried wildly. "My mother was untrue to my father, and he has accused me of being false to my vows. I must not listen to you—I shall be Sid Reece's wife in a few weeks."

He caught her to his heart, and kissed her passionately on cheeks and lips. "You must never be sacrificed to that boor; you do not love him, and you are mine, mine," he cried.

She tore herself from his arms. "God knows how I love you, but for my sake and his sake, leave me. I must be true to my vow. Farewell." Before he could say another word she was gone.

The fishing schooner "Thora" was waiting for her captain, Sid Reece. In another hour he would be out upon a fishing cruise.

In the mellow light of the October day, Thora McNeil stood with her hand in Sid Reece's, promising to "love, honor and obey," till death did part. A few friends were gathered in the little cottage to see the ceremony performed. It was over at last—the young bride shivered as her husband's lips touched hers for the first time. Congratulations were offered, the wedding feast partaken of by all but her—she could not swallow a mouthful—the farewells said, and he was gone. Thora breathed a long breath. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare. But he was gone, and she was free for one month. In November he would return. She crept off to be alone. The guests attributed all her pallor and numbness to sorrow at Sid's absence. God only knew how glad she was that he had gone, that she was granted another month of freedom before entering the life of slavery. The days went by, all too fast. Thora grew white and thin, and her eyes were uncanny in their brilliancy. It seemed to her that death would be the greatest boon God could grant her. The thought of Sid's return was horrible.

She crept off to bed one night in early November, shivering with speechless misery. The schooner "Thora" would return in a few days, a week at the farthest.

She buried her face in the pillows, and sobbed aloud, and prayed to die. Exhausted at last by the violence of her emotion, she fell into a deathly sleep. The wind rose suddenly, and shrieked around the dwelling. The black clouds loomed up and hid the stars. The sea roared sullenly. A great crash of thunder shook the house, and a blinding sheet of lightning filled the room. Thora awoke with a start. She had been sleeping two hours. The storm raged fearfully, and she could not lie in bed. She dressed herself hurriedly, and struck a light. It was eleven by the clock. She ran down stairs. "Father," she cried at the open door of his room. "I could not sleep, the storm raged so. I shall wait here until it subsides." No voice answered. "Father, are you awake?" Nothing but the roar of the storm replied. The silence oppressed her. She longed for the sound of a human voice. She took up the light, and held it over his bed. It was empty; her father had not retired.

"Where can he be?" she cried, pacing the room restlessly. A nameless horror hung over her, and she could not shake it off, or define its meaning. Five, ten, fifteen minutes dragged by. The storm was decreasing, the thunder dying away, the winds lulling. Suddenly she heard many footsteps at the door. The door was pushed open, and four men came in bearing something between them. They stopped upon seeing her.

"Thora, my child, I thought you sleeping," her father said hurriedly, coming toward her, and striving to lead her from the room. "Go to bed, child; this is no place for you."

"Father, where have you been? What have those men brought?" she cried.

"Nothing; nothing for you to see," he answered, standing between her and the men. "A ship has been wrecked, and we have brought home a sick man. He has fainted. Now go to bed, child."

She broke from his detaining hand and looked upon the sick man's face. It was the face of Sid Reece, white and cold as *death*. The ship "Thora" had been wrecked in the tempest, and the woman Thora was a widow. She shrieked aloud and fled away to her room. There is something strange and terrible in death always, and the ghastly white face frightened her. She lay awake for hours, there was such a strange feeling in her heart.

"My God," she cried, burying her face in her hands. "I believe I am steeped in sin, for my heart is almost light. I am a widow, yet I feel more like rejoicing than when I was a bride. Surely God will punish such wickedness."

Six months later, down upon the beach, she looked into two deep blue eyes and buried her face upon Reed Filmore's breast.

"My darling," he whispered tenderly, "I cannot stay away from you longer. God has given you into my keeping, and I could not wait to claim you longer. Darling, you are *mine* now, and no earthly power can part us."

Thora clung to him, trembling in every limb with an excess of joy.

"Oh Reed," she cried, "I have been so wicked! I could not mourn when Sid was drowned; my heart felt lightened of a great burden, and a cruel, horrible chain seemed struck from my hands. I tried not to feel so, for I thought it was wicked, and I feared God would punish me for my sinfulness. But, darling, He sent me *you* instead."

John McNeil, growing feeble now daily, looked out at the open door and saw them coming. They knelt at his feet without a word.

"God bless you, my children," he said, placing a trembling hand upon either head, "and may He deal with you, Reed Filmore, as you deal with the truest, bravest, noblest woman that ever walked this earth. I am failing daily—I have not long to live, and I give her to you gladly, joyfully. Again, may heaven bless you both."

HOW MUSKRATS ARE CAUGHT.

When unable to find an air hole on the surface, the muskrat, in such an emergency, exhales the vitiated air from its lungs, which rises in the shape of a flattened bubble, till it reaches the lower face of the ice. Coming thus in contact with the water, the bubble gives out its carbonic acid, which is replaced by oxygen. The rat then swims toward it, and pressing his nose against the ice, sucks in the improved air. The hunters avail themselves of this remarkable device; they go in search of such air bubbles, and as they see one, they break the ice above it, the muskrat is drowned, and the skin is secured. The muskrat is not drowned because the ice is broken, for that, of itself, would rather improve his chances than otherwise, but because the poor creature is driven away from his air bubble before he has time to take it in again.

Muskrats have curious methods of travelling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take a breath at starting, and remain under the water as long as they can. Then they rise up to the ice, and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and the ice, and then take it in again, and go on until the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the water.

The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner:—When the marshes and the ponds, where muskrats abound, are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his traps, he often sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has had time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him, and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter and beaver travel under the ice in the same way; and hunters have frequently told me of taking otter in the manner described, when these animals visit the house of a muskrat for prey.

Burglar-Proof Safe.

An ingenious mechanic constructed a safe which he declared to be absolutely burglar-proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a five hundred dollar note in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, and delared that he would give the money to the man who unfastened the door. All the blacksmiths, and carpenters, and burglars in the neighborhood have been boring, and b'asting, and beating at that safe for a week with every kind of tool and explosive mixture known to science, and the man is in there yet! He has whispered through the keyhole that he will make the reward a thousand dollars if somebody will only let him out. He has convinced everybody that it is the safest safe ever invented. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in a blast furnace before he is released, and efforts are to be made to pass in through the keyhole a fire-proof jacket to protect the inventor while the iron is melting.

Undue Familiarity.

One of the great faults in modern manners is the habit of undue and improper familiarity. Some of the cleverest of men fall into the way of squeezing hands in the most violent manner, of slapping even their seniors on the back, and in other rude modes emphasizing their familiarity, and assuming a close proximity of person quite uncomfortable to persons of good breeding and taste. Others again have an offensive and familiar habit of using personalities, displaying a knowledge of intimate and strictly private matters which one would scarcely care to have known to one's particular friends, much less the subject of rude and unmannerly conversation by comparative strangers.

☞ "Impressions of Greece"—Candle-droppings on the carpet.

☞ See the sack open before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

AFTER.

Take the cloak from his face, and at first
Let the corpse do its worst.

How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can.

And absorbed in the new life he leads,
He reeks not, he heeds

Nor his wrongs nor my vengeance—both strike
On his senses alike,

And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.

Ha! what avails death to erase
His offence, my disgrace?

I would we were boys as of old
In the field, by the fold;

His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn,
Were so easily borne.

I stand here now; he lies in his place;
Cover the face.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER III.

A HALF-REVELATION.

"Not even a piano, Di!" said Jasper Seaton. "How can you manage without one?"

"I can practise on the one in the nursery."

"Why didn't you move it up here?"

"It wasn't mine."

"And are all these precious belongings yours?" asked Jasper, looking round the room.

"Every one. Mrs. Seaton gave me every one of them. It's the rocking chair that Dolly used to have, and the nursery table. I couldn't do without a chair and table."

"But why didn't you ask for the piano as well?"

"Oh, that would have been too much to ask for—the piano is worth so much more. Besides," added Diana, drawing up her head, with a little dignified movement, "a piano is a luxury, and one can well do without luxuries."

Jasper regarded Diana in amazement. Could she be in earnest?

She was rocking backwards and forwards, with her eyes half closed, as though she were contemplating something afar off. Her black dress made her look slighter even than usual, and there was a more thoughtful expression on her face. She had certainly grown older-looking in the two months that he had been absent. She was beginning to appear quite womanly.

"I will order the old piano to be brought up," said Jasper. "You may as well have it, as the rest of the rubbish you have collected."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! That will be charming. A piano of my own! How very good of you, Jasper." And she clapped her hands in childish delight; then, suddenly checking herself, she said, in a half-repentant tone, "but I know it is a luxury. I could really have done without it. I did not ask for it, you know, because it was a superfluity—"

"No, you did not ask for it. I give it to you as a free gift that is worth nothing—"

"Nothing!" ejaculated Diana; and the host of sound that she had elicited from the ancient keys seemed filling the space around, and overpowering her in a burst of harmony. A sudden light came into her eyes. "Nothing! Oh, Jasper! Music is heaven."

"What do you know about heaven, Di?" asked Jasper, in a scornful tone.

"Not much," said Diana, with a little sigh. "I am afraid I am a heathen."

The words brought back curiously to Jasper's mind the day of Diana's arrival at Broadmead. Could she be thinking of it also? Could she have understood and treasured up his mother's speech? No—Diana was not thinking of it; enough that day had ever stood out prominently in her memory. Her first impression of Mrs. Seaton had never been eradicated; and Jasper shared in the unfavorable judgment, though in a lighter degree. The judgment also became modified as time stole on; for Jasper, despite his uncertain, wayward temper, endeavored to minister to the pleasures of his ward, and occasionally had taken her rides on an old brown pony; until one day she fell off, and sprained her wrist and ankle, and then Mrs. Seaton put a stop to the expeditions.

After that, Jasper went away, so that their budding friendship was nipped, before it was ripe; and when Madame de Mouline came to stay with her mother, and won Diana's youthful heart by her gentleness and beauty, Mrs. Seaton and her son went down in the child's estimation in proportion as Anne de Mouline rose.

There seemed a great gulf between them, which Di could not bridge over. Madame de Mouline was so good, so charming—a benevolent fairy—a queen, with all the virtues under the sun—an angel, by whose side Mrs. Seaton and Jasper became ogres and powers of darkness.

Madame de Mouline was recovering from a dangerous illness; and Diana was content to sit for hours watching her, without speaking. If she could only look at the white, spiritual face, with the soft, dove-like eyes, with their loving expression, it was enough for her. It seemed to bring to the child that which its hungry heart longed for unconsciously, the love of a being superior to itself.

The great longing implanted in every human heart, but too often crushed out of it by adverse circumstances, by injudicious training, injustice, mismanagement, and misconception. Adoration is an inborn impulse of humanity; but the teachers of the world have not found it out—or, at any rate, have not turned it to account.

Madame de Mouline, on her part, felt a strong yearning towards the orphan child of her rejected lover. She had no children of her own, and her husband was a man absorbed in scientific pursuits, in which she could take no share. It had been a love match, and they were much attached to each other; but M. de Mouline had two mistresses—his wife and science, and each held a distinct place in his affections. There was no amalgamation—the one never trenched upon the portion held by the other; consequently, there was a part of her husband's being that the wife could not share; and she felt it, without being able to account for the blank that, in the midst of her wedded happiness, she occasionally experienced.

When Madame de Mouline left Broadmead, it seemed to Diana as though a revelation had been withdrawn, and dark clouds had gathered over the horizon. Dolly could not fill up the void made by the departure of the beautiful, gentle lady: for Diana had found that she wanted something beyond Dolly now—a want had been created, or rather called forth, of whose existence she had hitherto been unaware.

When Dolly left, even this outlet was withdrawn; and she wore through the years, growing more and more defiant, and caring for no one. Every now and then she would carry her griefs down to Dolly, and cry over the baby that was named after her, but to which she declined being god-mother, as she could not undertake to perform all that she should have to promise.

"What do I know about such things, Dolly?" she would say. "I am but a heathen; and if Mrs. Seaton and the rector are Christians, I don't see much difference between Christians and heathens."

And Dolly would answer—

"Oh dear! Miss Diana, don't talk in that way—it's enough to frighten one. If you had only learned your Catechism, it would all have been so different."

To which Diana replied—

"I am afraid not, Dolly."

And so matters went on; and, but for the music, Diana would have found life at Broadmead insupportable. Wild, wayward, and uncontrolled as she had been as a child, so she grew up to girlhood.

Until—

Was it an omen for good that something good should have come to her in church—something that had produced a far greater effect than Dr. Crawford's sermons? During Dr. Crawford's sermons, Diana generally closed her eyes and fell into a revery, from which she did not rouse herself until the droning tone of the rector ceased for a moment, before he concluded with the Doxology. She seldom looked about her in church, and when she did so it was in a sort of dream—seeing things that other people did not see. She seldom listened to anything save to the organ: that seemed to her like rare, unearthly melody, in sweet dissonance from the rector's drawl and the shrill voices of some of the village choristers, rising above the rich deep bass and clear tenor of the organist's only hopeful pupils. Her heart grew softer as the sounds floated upwards, and circled through the open rafters of the pointed roof, and then seemed to descend like a benediction upon her, more powerful than any Dr. Crawford could pronounce.

If her eyes were open during the sermon, they generally gazed upward at the great east window, with its ancient stained glass, representing, somewhat grotesquely, the martyrdom of St. Stephen. There were a few panes broken, and into their places plain glass had been put, which gave here and there a glimpse of the dark branches of a gigantic yew, and, higher up, glints of the blue sky; and now and then a bird would fly across, and make Diana long that she might have "the wings of a dove, and flee away and be at rest."

She liked those words; they fell upon her soul with a sense of peace and freedom. And as she heard them to-day, she gazed upward at the sun rays pouring in through the unpainted panes, like a golden mist-path leading up to Heaven. If she could but glide along the mote-built bridge, and lose herself—far, far away among the stars!

"Oh! had I wings like a dove; for then would I flee away and be at rest." The words made the rector's voice sound almost melodious as he gave out the text;—the wail of a struggling heart longing to surmount its difficulties and trials.

"And be at rest!"

Was every one in the constant turmoil in which she found herself?—in continual warfare, in continual defeat; continually blaming herself and intending to do better, and yet forever failing? If it were over, and she could be at rest! And she thought, despite her dislike to Dr. Crawford and his monotonous voice, that she would try to listen to the sermon. She glanced up at the pulpit. Perchance he might look less pompous to-day. No—there he stood; his head thrown back, one arm ostentatiously extended, and the other dangling his eye-glass.

Diana's lip curled. What could he have to say that she should care for? Down dropped her eyes; but the lids did not close over them. She half started—had she seen a vision?

There was a stranger in the rectory pew. A pale, earnest face was looking upward—a calm face, with a streak of sunlight falling across the hair and brow; but from the eyes shone forth a light that the sun could not give.

The face attracted Diana as a beautiful picture. Again and again she looked upon it, and seemed to derive peace and strength from the contemplation of something she read in it—something that, as a child, she had experienced in her short acquaintance with Anne de Mouline, but that was now revealed to her in greater intensity. She acknowledged in it, half unconsciously, a nature higher than her own; and the revelation appeared rather to raise than to depress her.

The stranger was listening to the sermon; and if the stranger could find anything good therein, why might not she?

From the pale, spiritual face that seemed to her to be an illustration to the "at rest" of the text, she glanced up at Dr. Crawford droning out his labored essay, and waving his arms ostentatiously. She was forcibly struck by the contrast of the real and the unreal. And yet she must listen, to know what the stranger heard that kept his attention fixed. Surely his own thoughts must be clothing the bare platitudes he was hearing; or it might be that he was feeling, with George Herbert—

"The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
God takes the text and preacheth patience."

He might be learning patience. And yet he was listening.

At last, the "In conclusion, my beloved brethren," told that the end was nigh at hand; and then a pause, and then the rustling of the people rising. Mechanically, Diana stood up; and, when she knelt down again, remained longer with head bowed down than usual.

When at last she rose, the congregation were already moving away.

She looked towards the rectory pew, but it was empty. Had she, then, seen a vision? She did not know, and she did not dare to ask Mrs. Seaton. But whether it had been or not, she was conscious of an accession of vitality. The words, "Awake thou that sleepest," had sounded. And from within, a yearning, longing, struggling, panting throe, that she had never felt before, answered to the call "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then I would flee away and be at rest!"

CHAPTER IV.

UNDINE.

Into her visions of the night stole the vision of the day; and in her waking dream on the morrow it found a place.

"Had it been real?"

She started up and half opened her eyes, then closed them again, hoping the dream was not quite over. But it would not come again.

It was early—too early to rise; and yet she could sleep no more. She threw a thick shawl around her, and drawing up the blind, looked out on the landscape before her.

The long line of hills stretching northward looked gray and cold in the dawning; for the sun was yet behind them, and had not tossed over his golden rays to gild the dappled orchards bursting into blossom. The dew was thick upon the grass, almost like a white frost, and the sky was clear and cloudless. All was still, very still; beautiful, but cold; asleep—nay, even dead—"at rest."

The words came to her like a living voice—"At rest!"

But as her eye wandered over the sleeping earth, she felt that it was not a "dead rest" that she wanted, that she had panted for. It was a living rest—fresh and eternal, firm and immovable.

She shook back the yellow hair that floated over her shoulders like a veil of unspun silk, all floss and tangle. She leaned her elbows on the window-sill; and her dark eyes grew darker still as she gazed steadily northward. She shivered slightly, for the morning was chill, despite its May promise; and the hawthorn bloom was like snow upon the hedges, that helped to carry out the illusion of hoar-frost with the pearly dew.

She went on musing—

"The dove would not be on the wing until the sun rose."

Where should she find the "living rest?"

Undine, by her native river, longed not more earnestly for a soul than Diana did to know and comprehend hers, and the workings in it that had newly sprung to life. Had it been dormant so long, or had it but just sprung into being? Why had she not felt before this strange, new power that was filling her being—half pain, half joy, half fear?

The feeling did not leave her through the day, and she wandered out into the woods that lay above the house, up to the pine grove, which was her favorite retreat. A little torrent danced down through the pines, and joined the stream below. Where the tiny tributary joined the broader stream a narrow foot-bridge crossed to the main street, whence a long avenue of elms led to one entrance to the churchyard, up to the lich-gate. Did Diana think of it as she passed through? Was the slight shudder caused by the sudden breeze that sprang up, or was it an involuntary emotion of the soul?

The tones of the organ sounded from the church. She did not recognize the fugue, which was evidently new to the player, since he played it as though he were reading it for the first time. Nevertheless, it was very beautiful.

Diana pursued her way up the organ-loft stairs. The passage was dark; and when she emerged from it, the light dazzled her.

"Ah, *maestro!*" she said, gliding up to the organ, "what lovely thing is that? I have not heard it before."

The player, thus apostrophized, turned round; and her eyes recovering their power of sight, she started—for the face that she had seen in the rectory pew the day before was looking upon her.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I—"

And then she paused, half meditating a retreat; but curiosity prevailed, and she did not move.

The stranger was equally surprised by the apparition that presented itself. A young, very slight girl, somewhat fantastically attired, with tawny yellow hair—part twisted up, and part falling in one thick tangled curl below her waist. Heavy gold rings were in her ears, and rows of amber beads, fastened with a gorgeous clasp, were coiled around her throat; and on her wrists glittered curious flat bracelets of Indian workmanship. There was a flash of blue and scarlet in her dress, with which the golden ornaments seemed in keeping, giving an Oriental character and costliness of effect to her dress that the peacock's feather in her hat brilliantly carried out.

"Perhaps you were coming to play yourself?" said the stranger.

"No—only to listen."

"But not to my playing," he said; and his clear voice had an inexpressible charm in it. "You spoke of your *maestro*," he continued. "Is there any one in the village who deserves that title?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Diana, enthusiastically. "My *maestro* is an Italian, who has lived at Broadmead for years and years—I don't know for how long. He is growing old now; but he knows all the music in the world, and plays divinely, and never makes mistakes. I might have known he was not playing to-day, if I had thought about it."

The stranger smiled, and Diana was a little confused.

"I did not mean to say," she added, "that you played badly."

"No—the truth came out accidentally. I don't play easily at sight."

"And he does. It is wonderful. And then his voluntaries—his *toccatas*, he calls them—they are superb."

"Yes, I heard one in church yesterday."

"Yes," nodded Diana; "I saw you there, in the rectory pew."

And her thoughts of retreating having quite vanished, she seated herself on a low bench, as she was accustomed to do when she went up to watch the signor playing.

There was something in the stranger's manner that inspired her with confidence; and, besides, she was filled with curiosity, and had always been accustomed to do just as she pleased, and to be attended to, according to the whim of the moment, by those with whom she came in contact. Even Jasper had given way to this imperiousness, especially during his last visit at home.

"I did not see you," answered her companion.

"No—you were listening to the sermon. I was wondering what you were thinking of it, and who you were."

"My name is John Carteret, and I am staying at the rectory. I have come for a few months to read with Dr. Crawford."

"How very dreadful," said Diana. "I am very sorry for you."

"Why?" asked Mr. Carteret, half amused.

"Because I hate Dr. Crawford."

The words were spoken energetically, and her eyes flashed scornfully, and her lip curled scornfully.

"Hate is a strong word," answered John Carteret, quietly. "People do not hate without a strong reason, and perhaps no reason is strong enough."

Diana caught the tone of reproof, and it annoyed her; therefore she became defiant.

"Christians, you intended to say, I suppose," she said, with some bitterness; "but I'm not a Christian, and you won't find many about here. Perhaps the signor is as near one as there is, and he wouldn't come to church if he didn't play on the organ. His sister never comes, and she's none the worse for it. I go every Sunday, and I want to be away all the time; and I never feel so wicked as I do in church. But you will not see the signor and his sister, if you're staying at the rectory; the rector looks down upon them, and so do the people round. They are never asked to the Manor House, or anywhere else, unless the signor is wanted to play. I wouldn't accept the invitations—but he does; and I can see him shrinking, shrinking into the farthest corner. And then the rector preaches on humility, and I close my ears, and wont listen; and the church seems spinning round; and the stone heads over the pillars grin and grin more than ever, and I don't wonder at it. It's enough to make one wicked; and I want to get far, far away somewhere, only I don't know where."

And Diana, who had waxed wrathful in her passionate declamation, ended her speech in a sort of lull of despair.

Half-compassionately, half-wonderingly did John Carteret look down upon the slight, child-ish figure, with the hands clasped, and the deep violet eyes gazing up from under their black fringes.

"Poor child!" he involuntarily ejaculated.

"I am not a child," said Diana, drawing herself up to her full height. "I shall be eighteen in August."

She was half indignant; and yet the compassionate tone had something in it that was not unpleasing—something restful and peace-inspiring.

"I ought to apologize for my words," replied her companion. "I am afraid they sounded impertinent."

"No—oh, no—I don't mind; only one does not like being thought quite a baby. Of course, you would not know me. I am Diana Ellis. I live at the Manor House, with Mrs. Seaton and Jasper. Mrs. Seaton is the grand lady of the place, and thinks a great deal of the rector. They do religion together; but I don't see that much good comes of it. Jasper is not a bit religious, and doesn't pretend to be. And I—I was born in India, and I half believe that I am a heathen. Sometimes I wonder if I have even a soul. Is there any one who could possibly be without a soul?" she asked, looking up eagerly. "Undine wanted one, you know, and it brought her trouble. Now, I think that it would be the greatest happiness to me if I could be sure that I had not got one. Would it not be a good thing if people had no souls?"

And she sighed wearily. Then, without waiting for an answer, she opened a music book containing one of Pergolesi's Masses.

"Do you know this?" she asked. "The signor loves Pergolesi. He plays this 'Miserere' sometimes, when the people are coming into church. I will play it for you."

John Carteret moved away from the organ, and Diana sat down; but the notes were mute.

"Ah!" she said, "you've had Phil Ames to blow, and he's gone to sleep: he always does if one leaves off for a minute. Phil! Phil!" she cried—"wake up, wake up!"

And mechanically obeying the well-known voice, Phil Ames opened his eyes, and began to blow as though he had never left off.

And through the rafters rolled the sweet, solemn tones; and Diana forgot everything in the music before her. She played through the "Miserere;" and then, pausing and springing up, she said—

"I can't play any more now. Is it not wonderful music?"

John Carteret did not answer. He had been altogether taken by surprise at the power and pathos of the girl's playing.

"Ah! you don't like it. I did not play it well."

"You played it wonderfully—"

"Did I? I am glad of that." And she glanced scrutinizingly at John Carteret. "I think you are truthful," she added meditatively.

"I hope so."

"Why do you say hope? You know whether you are or not."

"Do I? Do you suppose that people never flatter themselves?"

"Not in the matter of truth. That is an impossibility. It is the only thing I am sure about," answered Diana, as if in argument with herself.

"It is the first principle," said John Carteret; but he also appeared to be answering himself.

Diana had moved to go away. Then, as if a thought struck her, she turned and held out her hand to John Carteret.

"Thank you," she said.

And then she glided down the stairs, and through the church, out into the sunshine. And John Carteret was left alone, wondering wherefore she had thanked him. He was a little bewildered, a little perplexed, a little pitying, and more than a little interested. Should he see her again?

And Diana moved homeward through the green pastures, nor noted the flowers at her feet, nor the song of the birds. Nay, she heeded not the rain-drops beginning to fall from the great gray cloud that had hidden the face of the sun. Patter, patter, patter—they were dripping on the young leaves of the sycamores. She heard them now, but the shower would soon be over; and she waited under the deeper shade that overhung the green waters of the leaping torrent.

The rain was over. The sun was shining when Diana entered the iron gates, and strolled pensively up the chestnut avenue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The London Times says one American small-arms manufactory has a larger production than those of all England combined.

☞ A gentleman of Halifax, being at a ladies' fair not long since, and being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept one of the tables, said he wanted to buy what he feared was not for sale—a lock of her hair. To his delight and surprise she promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the price offered—ten dollars. The happy purchaser was exhibiting his trophy to one of his friends, who very suddenly blasted his joy by saying, "See rather cut-lasked you, for, to my certain knowledge, she only paid three dollars for the whole wig."

☞ An exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in her eye.

A WISH;

And What Came of It.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY C. K. ANDERSON.

"I hope that you will get shot!" cried Kate Arnold, running out on the veranda, and saucily shaking her black curls at a young man who was sauntering through the yard with a gun in his hand, and a dog bounding along before him.

"That is a very cruel wish," said he, casting an admiring glance at the young lady, "and I do not believe that you really wish it," he continued.

"Yes indeed I do," she replied quickly.

"May I inquire the reason that causes you to wish me such a terrible mishap?"

"Certainly," she said, laughing, "I have no control over your tongue, but as to your getting an answer that is quite a different thing," and before he could reply, she ran into the house.

Kate Arnold and Tom Aston were the principal personages of a gay party of young people who had been spending the Summer at Merton Grove, and lingered, charmed by the beautiful and romantic scenery that surrounded them, till the bright October morning of which we speak. They had had a very pleasant time during the Summer months. The young gentlemen of the party had donned linen suits and straw hats, and fished to their hearts content. While the young ladies went berrying on the hillsides and nutting in the forest in defiance of Mrs. Grundy till their cheeks glowed with the rosy hues of health. And then such dancing in the great hall every evening when old uncle Ned and his fiddle would be forthcoming.

Tom and Miss Arnold rode, walked and danced together, and were great friends. She thought him the handsomest and by far the most agreeable man of the party, and he thought her the dearest girl in the world.

The other ladies and gentlemen of the party had organized a committee of investigation, and held divers grave consultations upon the all-important question—whether Kate Arnold was in love with Tom Aston, or he with her, but could come to no decision on account of a diversity of opinion. The ladies inclined towards the former, and declared that Miss Arnold was dead in love with Tom, but he did not return her love; it was true he did pay her some attention, but the bold thing had forced herself upon him. For their parts they couldn't tell what the men fancied about her; her hair was very coarse, her mouth too large, and her hands were very red, and they would complacently fold their own white hands in a conspicuous position, and proceed with the pleasant task of enumerating her defects, and wind up by saying that he was not at all to blame. On the other hand the gentlemen were equally certain that Tom adored Miss Arnold, but she did not care a fig for him, and they were perfectly astounded at his presumption in supposing that she wasted a second thought on him when there were so many there that were greatly his superiors in manly beauty; each nourishing a secret belief that she had cast eyes of approval upon his own particular person. So the conclave usually broke up without coming to a decision.

"Kate, what do you intend wearing this evening? You know the Talmages give their long-talked-of ball to-night, and I want you to eclipse all competitors," said bustling little Mrs. Merton, trotting into her niece's room.

"Really I don't know, for I have not given the subject a thought," said Miss Arnold, listlessly, turning the pages of the book that she had been reading when interrupted by her aunt. "I had forgotten the ball. Let me examine my wardrobe, and see if I have any thing that will do for the occasion. It is a great bore to be the belle of the season, and just to think that I shall have to ride five miles to this hateful ball to be stared at by a set of rustics."

"Come," said her aunt, placing her little fat arm around the young lady's waist, and drawing her from the room, "you will scarcely have time to arrange those dresses, it is ten o'clock now."

Kate cast a longing glance at her book as she followed her aunt from the room to engage in a lengthy discussion upon the merits of this or that dress, from which she did not escape till late in the afternoon.

"Come and ride with me, Miss Kate," said George Chilsom, as she was crossing the hall, having at last escaped from her aunt and that worrying topic, dress.

"Oh! that will be delightful! Are you going to drive those beautiful bays?"

"Don't stay too long; and be sure and return in time to dress for the ball," said Mrs. Merton, thrusting her head out of a door in the hall and interrupting before George could reply.

"Never fear, auntie!" said Kate, running off to get her hat and gloves.

"Where have you been hiding yourself all day?" inquired George, after they were seated in the buggy, and rolling along the smooth, gravelled road that stretched out in front of the house like a brown ribbon.

"I have been preparing for the great Talmage ball that comes off to-night, and intend taking all hearts by storm. Did you miss me very much?"

"Does the earth miss the genial rays of the sun when an envious cloud hides it from our view?" cried George, with a sudden fervor. "Do the flowers thirst for the gentle dews of Heaven? It is thus I miss you, darling, during your absence, and long for your love when you are present. You are the sun of my existence, the light of my world. If I can see you, I am contented and happy, and the world seems flooded with sunshine; but when you are absent, all seems dark and dreary, and my heart puts on mourning! Will you? can you be the sun of my life? Think well before you answer; for it is in your power to make me happy or miserable for life."

He was so agitated and so deeply engrossed that he had not noticed the cloud that settled on her brow as he spoke—but now that he had ceased, he perceived it—and so great was his confusion, that he involuntarily stopped the horses.

"I am very, very sorry to give you pain, but I can never be your wife." She spoke very kindly, for his look of utter hopelessness went to her heart. "Why did you not choose some gentle girl that could return your love and make your home happy? If I had known that you had ever given me more than a passing thought, I would have tried to prevent it; indeed I would."

When she commenced speaking, his face turned deathly pale, and he sat very quiet till she finished. Then he spoke in a husky, unnatural voice.

"I have but one question to ask, and that is, do you love another?"

Kate was angry with herself for blushing up to the temples at this question, and scarcely knowing what she was saying, she answered yes—and was astonished at her own boldness in acknowledging that she loved a man who had never given her the slightest reason to suppose he cared for her. It was true she had not revealed his name, but there was but one image in her heart, and the veil that had hitherto concealed it even from her own eyes, had been rudely torn away, and she made the astounding discovery that her heart was no longer in her own keeping, and she thought the face engraved there was as plain to the eyes of others as her own.

That one little word which she uttered had, as he believed, been the death-knell of all his hopes and aspirations; and feeling too much distressed for ordinary conversation, he drove on in silence.

The road now wound through a beautiful forest that formed a part of the Merton Grove farm. On either side were groves of stately beech and maple; and the trees, once green, were now mantled in nature's gorgeous livery of crimson and gold. The calm that rested upon all nature and the sweet landscape spread out before him acted like a charm on the magnanimous heart of George, and turning to his fair companion he said gently, "Kate, I hope that though we may not be lovers we can still be friends, and that you will forget everything save that I would die to serve you. Is it not so?"

"We are more than friends. You shall be my brother, and I will be—" She was interrupted by the loud report of a gun close by, followed by the prolonged howl of a dog.

"That was Tom's dog Carlo, Mr. Aston's I mean," stammered Kate, blushing and paling alternately. George checked his horses instantly. Again that quivering howl was borne along on the still evening air, followed by a faint cry for help. Kate hesitated no longer, but sprang from the buggy and sped in the direction of the cry, closely followed by George. She had gone but a few steps in the wood, when turning to avoid a small clump of bushes, she saw Tom sitting at the foot of a tree, with the blood streaming from his shoulder. "Oh Tom, what is the matter?" she said, bending over him, with the tears welling up in her eyes and her voice quivering with tenderness.

"Your wish has been fulfilled, I have shot myself," said he feebly, gazing up at her.

"Oh Tom, pray forgive me," said Kate, crying. "I really didn't mean it; it was only in jest. Please say that you forgive me." And she looked eagerly in his face for some token of forgiveness, but there was none, for he had fainted from loss of blood.

"Oh, what shall I do?" said Kate, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly. "Why do you stand there?" she continued, turning fiercely on George, who had been an agitated witness of the whole scene. "Do you not see that he is dying?"

"And what will become of you if I go for assistance?" he inquired.

"I am not afraid, and I claim the promise that you made only a few minutes ago."

"And I will keep it," he answered, and the sound of his footsteps was soon lost in the distance, and in a few seconds she heard the rapid whir of his wheels as he drove off.

She then devoted herself to the resuscitation of Tom, who still lay in a death-like trance. He had begun to show some signs of returning consciousness, when she was apprised by the sound of wheels that aid was at hand; and on looking up, she saw George approaching with the old family carriage, and the anxious face of Mr. Merton peering from the window. The carriage was followed by a whole retinue of servants on foot. Restoratives were applied, and he was gently placed in the carriage, with his head resting in the lap of the blushing Kate. When they reached the house the doctor had arrived, and upon examining the wound he said that it was very dangerous, and would require attentive nursing.

"Where am I?" said Tom, opening his eyes one bright morning seven or eight days after the aforesaid accident.

"You are in bed and have been there for a week, and if it had not been for the attentive nursing of a person that shall be nameless, I doubt if you would have risen from it again," said the doctor, who was standing by the bedside.

"Ah, I remember all," said Tom with a shiver. "Have I been very sick?"

"You have been delirious ever since we found you in the woods with a certain young lady endeavoring to restore you, and as we are utterly in the dark as to how the accident happened, I think it is time you were enlightening us," replied the physician.

"That is very easily done in a few words. I sprang over a log that was lying in my path, when my gun fell, and the hammer striking the log the contents were lodged in my shoulder."

Owing to a strong constitution and excellent nursing he recovered very fast, and in a few more days was able to go down stairs with his arm in a sling, and looking very pale and interesting.

The first to welcome him was Kate, and she was constituted invalid keeper. None but she could arrange the pillow that his shoulder rested upon. He would take his medicine from no other hand than hers; and in fact became, as Mrs. Merton said, the worst spoiled boy that ever was. But strange to say the young lady did not seem to repine at his tyranny; on the contrary she rather liked it.

One evening they were sitting before the bright wood fire that was dancing and sparkling up the chimney in the cosy little back parlor of Merton House. Kate was seated on a low ottoman near the arm-chair in which Tom was reclining. She had been reading to him; but it had grown too dark, and the closed book, a volume of Tennyson, was lying on her lap; she had been reading the most beautiful of his poems, "The May Queen," and neither had spoken since she concluded.

"Tom," she said at length, "I don't think that you have ever told me that you forgave that cruel wish of mine. I wish you would do so, for it would make my conscience feel a great deal easier."

"There is but one condition upon which I will forgive you," he replied very gravely. "I am wounded in two places, one of them the surgeon can reach, the other he cannot—this little hand is the only panacea for that. Will you give it to me, my darling?" And he took the little hand in question between his own and pressed it very tenderly. "For heaven's sake don't be a second Alice, for the part of Robin would kill me," he said hastily.

"Of the two alternatives," she answered, smiling and blushing. "I believe I prefer living and marrying you to dying, and—" but before she could say more he had clasped her in his arms and closed her lips with his own.

"But, Tom," she said, extricating herself from his embrace, "everybody will say that I forced you into marrying me."

"And have you not?" he said, laughing. "I think"—a pretty little pink palm was placed over his mouth and prevented him from finishing his speech.

Reader you should have been at the grand wedding which took place at Merton Grove on Christmas eve. The whole country for miles around was invited, and one and all declared that a handsomer groom or lovelier bride never was seen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BEECHCROFT. By the author of "Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," &c., &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

NIGEL BARTRAM'S IDEAL. By FLORENCE WILFORD, author of "A Maiden of our own Day, etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

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THE LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN. With Illustrations and Notes by GEORGE CRUICKSHANK. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York.

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LITTLE-BREECHES. A Pike County View of Special Providence. By JOHN HAY. Illustrated by J. F. ENGEL. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

BASIL; OR, THE CROSSED PATH. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE COUNTESS OF MONTE-CRISTO. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE AIR WE BREATHE: Being an Essay upon the sources of atmospheric impurities, principles of ventilation, most approved appliances for warming buildings, etc., etc. By W. H. CHURCHMAN, A. M. Published by the Indianapolis Printing House, Indianapolis, Ind.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE; OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. For June. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part for May. Mr. Fenn's designs for his series "Picturesque America," are charming as ever, and "Morton House" is a novel of the first class. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. For June. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE TRANSATLANTIC. For June. Published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., Philada.

THE CANADIAN ENTOMOLOGIST. For April. Edited by Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, M. A. Published by the Free Press Steam Print, London.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. For May. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

New Definitions.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That old-fashioned gentleman, Noah Webster, is just a little behind the age; and, in view of his general revision in these reconstruction days, the following are offered as a few of the many corrections needed:

Benevolence.—Giving a beggar the old coat of which you cannot possibly make any other use.

End.—Something a "hare" never has.

Fame.—A bird that sings over a man's grave, after he has broken his neck trying to catch it.

Fashion.—A modern Juggernaut to which thousands of victims are immolated annually.

Friendship.—A sunclad faithfully serving you while the sun shines, but becoming a meaningless blank when clouds obscure your sky.

Generosity.—Buying your mother a paste diamond, every bit as large as your own real one.

Gold.—A god worshipped by the ancients, now merely a tradition.

Hate.—A very small mopping-turtle, which bites his owner oftener than any one else.

Hotel.—A place where the chambermaid carries your keys, and the waiter gives you cold buckwheat cakes every time you displease him.

Importance.—Clerks in general, and especially hotel clerks.

Jealousy.—A homemade bugaboo.

Kin.—The people who scold you gratuitously, and make you pay double for everything else they do for you.

Kiss.—A disguise adopted by Judas Iscariot, and worn by traitors ever since.

Ogre.—The gentleman who smiles at the pretty misses, and slams the door when his wife reproves him for swearing before the children.

Partnership.—Keeping the purse to yourself, and telling your wife it is as much hers as yours.

Quarrel.—A conversation carried on between two or more persons who are demented.

Reputation.—The character which "they say" gives you.

Son.—A gay young blade, who sings "Who will care for mother now?" at his club-room; while his dear mamma, at home, splits the kindling for the morning fire.

Suicide.—Ridding the world of a fool.

Trade.—A swap in which each man thinks he is cheating the other.

Undertaker.—A man who charges you double the worth of his services, because he knows you dare not grumble at the price, on pain of being called mean by your neighbors.

Yes.—The easiest word in the English language to say; and sometimes the hardest to unsay.

MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

☞ Men of Mark—Mark Twain and Bismarck.

☞ Motto for Darwin, improved from Shakespeare—"I could a tail unfold."

☞ "What is your consolation in life and death?" asked a Sunday-school superintendent of a young lady in the Bible class, who blushed and said, "I'd rather be excused from speaking his name."

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

"Such a bargain, love!" cried Mrs. Ponder, joyously, to her husband.

"A bargain?" Mr. Ponder was used to the word; he didn't like it; he had paid dearly for it; he was tired of paying for it. He had laid down his book, and asked, "What will you do with it?" "It" was a large, handsome wardrobe with looking-glass doors and extensive drawers and fittings.

"Do with it? Oh, I can do fifty things with it," said the lady.

"But you probably will not do more than one; what will that be?" he asked.

She mused a moment, and suggested the best bed-room. Mr. Ponder remarked that it had a wardrobe.

"Yes, and so has ours, and so has the chintz-room; but I could put this into the best room, and put the one there now into ours, and ours into your dressing-room," she remarked, thinking the last concession would win his heart to her bargain.

But the inexorable Mr. Ponder said he had a wardrobe now in his dressing-room which quite satisfied him. In vain the lady suggested various views in which her new purchase might be considered as a valuable investment, he simply replied to each of them that "it was not wanted."

"Well, really, to think of letting this slip out of one's fingers, at such a price! it would have been wasteful, quite wasteful, *I* consider," said the lady, who was too used to battles over her bargains to be easily daunted.

"Pardon me," replied her husband, "the waste lies in buying it. Intrinsically, it may be worth a hundred dollars, as you say; but since you don't want it, I maintain, instead of being worth the twenty-five you paid for it, it is not worth five cents to us."

"Depend on it, Mr. Ponder, it's absurdly cheap, and an immense bargain!" she cried, replying (like a woman), not to his statement, but to his opposition to her act and deed.

"My dear," he said, resuming his book. "I repeat, the price may be low, but, not being wanted, it is worth nil to us."

A little pouting, a little frowning, a few sentiments, half thought, half spoken, signifying that "some people were very hard to please," "some people were very inconsistent," that "it was enough to deprive any one of spirit and energy, to be so continually thwarted and blamed when praise was deserved," accompanied the beautiful bargain to its settled home in the best bed-room, and Mrs. Ponder stood before it with a sorrowful sort of enjoyment, wishing her husband had a more liberal spirit. Mr. Ponder, thinking he had been a little hard on her, followed her up to the best bed-room, and paid a complimentary tribute to her taste.

"Oh, I knew you *must* admire it!" she said, with animation. "See! what drawers! and look! what lovely deep shelves! and these private drawers! and such room for hanging dresses! Oh, it will hold oceans!"

Mr. Ponder was going to say he was glad that the Pacific and broad Atlantic were not likely to be put up at auction, but having only just made peace he abstained from his joke; and very soon Mrs. Ponder's bargain became rather a care to her.

They seldom used the best bed-room. The wardrobe now in her room was capacious enough for her attic; she was sorry that ten months at least out of the twelve the beautiful convenient bargain should be useless. Suddenly a bright thought struck her; it was just the thing to hold spare linen; but then she had two noble linen-chests already. This was soon managed; they should be converted into store chests, and the linen should immediately travel to the wardrobe!

This was excellent management, and all the morning Mr. Ponder heard nothing of his wife, but in the afternoon she said, "I am going to Repp's, dear, with Mrs. Smith; she tells me there is to be a sale of linen, house linen, just such as I want, and it will be marvellously cheap, so I won't lose the opportunity."

"House linen!" exclaimed Mr. Ponder, "surely we cannot be in want of that!" (remembering as he did the stock of homespun and fine damasks that his good old mother had bequeathed to him in the two linen-chests.)

"Of course, dear, I don't mean to say we actually want it at this present moment; but linen, like all other things, wears out, and no good manager allows her stock to run down," said Mrs. Ponder, who had a large space yet left in her last bargain, which she thought would look well filled up with damasks.

Mr. Ponder happened to be at the hall-door when his wife returned from the sale in a coach laden with articles of various kinds. He assisted her to alight, and, rather against her inward wish, watched the packages carried into the house.

"Linen?" he asked, looking at an open hamper of jars and bottles.

"No, dear, I found it was a general sale, and things being almost given away (there being little company there), I couldn't resist buying these cheap bottles of sauce and pickles."

"But you and I never eat pickles?" said Mr. Ponder.

"No, but other people do, and it's nice to have them," said the lady, who destined them for her store chests.

"Linen?" again inquired Mr. Ponder, pointing to a huge greasy-looking rough box.

"No, that is soap; I have got it at one-third almost of the price, and soap is always the better for keeping."

So is money, thought her husband; but he contented himself with saying that he would settle the soap on her in his will as part of her share of his property, for he was sure, unless they not only washed at home, but took in washing, they could never use that quantity.

"Well, my dear, I have bought nothing but useful things," retorted the lady, angrily; "we certainly cannot do without soap."

"Linen?" inquired Mr. Ponder, as the last instalment came in, his wife following with anxious vigilance.

"No, Mr. Ponder, it is not linen," she cried, defiantly; "it is two dozen of old china plates that will just make up my set. I was delighted to see them; I despaired of ever being able to get any."

"What are they for—dinner plates?"

"Dinner!" said the lady; "they are so tender, the touch of a knife would break them."

"What use will you put them to, then?"

"Use? don't I tell you they make up an imperfect set which being imperfect was worth little, but now—"

"Would go for a very good bargain at Repp's," suggested Mr. Ponder.

His wife did not stay to argue; she went off with her bales to see them stowed in proper quarters, and found the work sufficient to occupy her till bedtime.

Leaving her to her work, let us ask, what are Mrs. Ponder's shelves, full of glass and china, and her stores, multifarious of all sorts, worth to her? All "picked up" at sales, marvellously rare and fabulously cheap! First, look at the glass and china.

Every now and then Mrs. Ponder is for a day invisible to her friends, unavailable to her family, and uncomfortable to herself, because she has to dust and wash precious articles that she dares not entrust even to her parlor-maid; and when they are washed and dusted, they are put back on the shelves till they want washing again.

Some are much too costly, others far too fragile, to be used except on the most special occasions; and when such an event does happen, her heart is in a tremor till the precious bargains are once more safe in their hiding-places. The real value of them is imaginary; the true cost is not only the price she paid, but a large addition of time and trouble, and when a crack or a chip comes (in spite of all precautions) the loss of temper!

Mr. Ponder, who had received with his wife the brilliant reputation of her being a first-rate manager, wishes he had been so happy as to light on a second or even a third-rate, for his experience of "first-rate management" is that it leads to very little comfort and very great expense. When he is complimented by outside observers on "what a capital manager Mrs. Ponder is," he thinks to himself that she manages to spend a great deal of money, and he wishes in his heart that she knew the secret of "managing to do without." He sometimes tells her that they will have to take another house for her accumulations of linen they will never use, home-made wines that will go down to their heirs and assignees as vinegar, preserves that are fretting away all their sweetness, and pickles that are drying up their vinegar; and as to furniture, he only wishes he could get a day at Repp's to sell at half their cost "the bargains that cost just nothing!"

Courage.

Some three years ago, while performing in Philadelphia, a leopard on the tamer's back quietly inserted one of her hind claws in his thigh, one of her fore claws in his shoulder, and all her teeth in his right side, and there held on, enjoying the warm blood, while the sufferer, entirely suppressing pain and fear, tried to wriggle out of the grip, with so cool an appearance that only one other person perceived that there was anything wrong. This gentleman said to the proprietor, "Mr. F——, that leopard is eating your brother up." Mr. F—— thought not; but the other (also an old showman) insisted, until an attendant was made to knock off the beast with an iron bar. The wounded man would have proceeded with his performance, but the proprietor called him out, and the exhibition was never again repeated.

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When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
O, don't I wish that I were there!
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
O, don't I wish 't was me instead!
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
O, don't I wish my neck was his'n!
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
O, don't I wish that I were those!

☞ The Queen of Denmark drives out in a shilling calico suit.

☞ The most warlike nation of modern times is vaccination, because it *is* always in arms.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Boa Constrictor.

"John, undo his tail! There, ladies and gentlemen, is the wonderful boa constructor, so called because he constructs many pleasing images with his serpentine form! The constructor is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long-lived! He lives a hundred years or more if he don't die beforehand! He is of the worm species, and worms himself along the ground with legs! He is capable of climbing the highest trees, in which he is fond of concealing himself in the branches thereof, that he may impose upon the benighted traveller or other beast whereby to assistate his hunger.

"He mashes his victuals before he eats 'em, and then swallows 'em head first! The sea-serpent is much larger, yet I think the constructor could lick him, for he is full of pluck! Prick him, John, and make him hiss! When he hisses he is very angry, and cares very little what becomes of him! This is because he is very weak-minded and has a small head! He has, however, a very large belly, and when it is full he is very good-natured! He has a very lovely skin, but is very ugly tempered. He is very sulky and lazy, and he is so spiteful, it is a mercy he can't talk! I have took care of this mighty snake for three years, but he shows no gratitude! He is a glutton, and likes to stuff himself, and then to go to sleep! If John didn't stir him, (stir him again, John,) he would never wake up except to his victuals!

"I don't know's I ought to blame him much, though, because nature is nature whether in Boston or the rude valleys of Bengal! I have an uncle who lived in Bengal, and a brother who has never been there! My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand boa constructors at one time a frolicing in the forest, and eating each other up! My brother does not believe it, but then he has not seen it! My uncle may be depended upon! He sold rum and sugar to the Injens! He is the only man in the world who ever sold liquor to the boa constructor! This is the one he gave it to! He first got it tight, and then boxed him up! The boa will never forgive him!"

Hints on Gardening:

Especially Adapted for Young Beginners.

Clearing the Ground.—This is the first operation. Gather together all the sticks and stalks and rubbish which have littered your garden throughout the winter, and put them in a heap to burn. The best day to select for the fire is your wife's washing-day. As soon as the linen is in the garden set light to your pile, taking care to burn a few sheets and things. This will probably result in the washing being put out in the future—at anyrate, if the washing isn't, your wife will be. Besides, she is sure to come out to converse with you the moment your bonfire blazes up, and it is pleasant to have a chat in the garden on a fine morning.

Digging.—If the weather is wet or chilly, it is is done easiest by hiring a man—say at $2 a day—to do it for you, stopping in bed yourself. You'll find it cheering to the spirits to lie snug and warm in bed, and hear somebody else at work in the damp garden. Directly the sun comes out, it is a good plan to walk up and down the path, smoking a meerschaum and looking on while your deputy perspires over his spade. It will give you an appetite for breakfast. Try it.

Sowing.—When your ground is all prepared, then is the time usually chosen to put in seeds. Don't do this on any account. It is a great bother, and difficult to accomplish without getting your hands dirty, and making your back ache. A better plan by far is to wait till somebody brings the plants in pots to your door, all a-blowing and a-growing, and then buy them, and place them in your garden, pots and all. But if once you put seeds in the ground, it is not always easy to find them again, especially the little ones.

Pleasures of Gardening.—These are enormous. Every day the attentive gardener will find something fresh to attract his notice and employ his mind. To-day some extraordinary growth (probably a rank and noisome weed) appears. To-morrow some cherished plant disappears—some one has got over your wall and "requisitioned" it. Rare forms of animal life, too, show at frequent intervals—slugs, lice, caterpillars, snow-bugs, and your neighbors' chickens and cats—all these make things lively for you, and you throw half bricks, and probably swear, at these last in the most unaffected manner. In short, there is no form of relaxation open to a busy man, which, for placid comfort and quiet interest, can be compared to a garden.

SMART BOY.—A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows:—"The Throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

VERY LAZY.—There is a Western story of a man who was too lazy to work, and whose neighbors being tired of keeping him, determined to drown him. Meeting the squire, his pity was touched. "Set him down," he said; "I'll give him a load of corn to keep him alive." The victim raised his head from the bier: "Shelled, squire?" "No." The head dropped again. "Drive on boys, then."

AN organ-grinder with an instrument as offensive to the ear as were bagpipes to the immortal Shakspeare, commenced his grinding beneath the window of a house where a party had just sat down to dinner. Disgusted with the horrible discord, they sent a few nickels to the vagrant that he might leave.

The exquisite answer given was—"I nefer goesh on for less dan one dime!"

For this brilliant witticism the grinder was rewarded with two dimes.

REFINED HOMES.—Refined homes are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigating, digging, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting, are done, first of all, to secure each family in the possession of its own hearth; and secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The work of all races for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show.

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MY GRACES.

Three sprightly friends I happen to know
(They love your poet, he loves them dearly),
They are as sisters to me, and so
My eyes can see and judge of them clearly.
Their names—my heart's a pitiful case;
I know them as Grace, and Grace, and Grace.

As witching a siren is Grace the First
As ever to lonely wanderer beckoned;
Full many a swain might hunger and thirst
For a flash of the eye from Grace the Second;
And many might prize a tender word
From the eloquent lips of Grace the Third.

Grace the First is winningly fair,
And half a hoyden and half a woman;
You'd think the wild gold wealth of her hair
An elfin charm, and nothing of human.
She can laugh, and cry, and coquette, this elf;
And altogether she loves—herself.

Grace the Second is dark and grand,
With her tempest eyes she'll scan you thoroughly;
She can love or hate with a touch of her hand,
And she speaks with a candor you'd call unruly;
And many a heart-wound gives and takes,
But weeps at last for the hurt she makes.

Grace the Third has the face that shows
How sweet expression can sum for beauty;
No wildness hers, nor a dim repose,
But a simple doing of love and duty.
The charm of the lily, the breath of the rose,
And the frailness of both from her soul outflows.

Give me Grace the First for a day;
Grace the Second to-day and to-morrow;
Grace the Third forever and aye:
Thus choose I in the world of sorrow.
Yet, why choose, O privileged me,
While I may count for my friends all three?

ONE OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BURR THORNBURY.

"I used to think they were all sour and hateful," said pretty Lucy Gray to her friend, Clara Dalton, as they sat one summer afternoon on the river-shore, their faces and their tongues equally in motion. She referred to old maids of course; that much-abused class of individuals having become at last the subject of their discourse.—"But since I saw your Aunt Margaret," continued the vivacious little maiden, "I have changed my notion. Your aunt has a queen's name, Clara, and she is queenly herself. She is so stately and sweet, so good and gracious, that since I have seen her I have been puzzling myself to distraction to account for her never marrying. The conclusion I've come to is that she could never find any one good enough for her, but then she is so affectionate and charitable and sensible, that I am not sure that was the real reason after all. I know she thinks a good husband is a desirable possession, and was shrewd enough to choose the right man if he offered. And she *had* offers no doubt. It's a mystery to me. I would like to ask her all about it, only I am afraid to," concluded Lucy.

Clara listened with patience to this medley of question, logic and reflection, and when the speaker ended, folded her fan and putting it against her pearly teeth, bent her head over it in a thoughtful way, making a very pretty picture of maiden meditation.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Lucy. "I was not soliloquizing, and I rather expected my inquiries would receive your attention, Clara. I don't suppose you can satisfy me though, or you would have done so before, as you have often heard me mystify myself about your aunt, the nicest old maid that ever bore the title."

"Lucy," replied the elder girl at last, "I am as much interested in the matter of Aunt Margaret's single life as you are. Even now, for though I have never heard the particulars (I am not fit to be trusted, you know), I am sure there is a romance connected with her youth, when she was hardly more beautiful, though differently beautiful than she is now. There is a mystery about her. I have questioned mamma on the subject, but she always seems disinclined to tell me anything, but looks so strangely that I feel rebuked. Perhaps I oughtn't to know, and I am content to rest in ignorance if I thought it would cause my dear aunt the slightest pain to feel that I had been informed. Sometimes, Lucy, I feel almost glad that aunt is an 'old maid,' because she reforms the class. Not that I am going to admit that they are more disagreeable than others, for I expect to belong to the sisterhood myself some day," said Clara, which was only another way of saying that she didn't expect to.

After more talk on the same subject, the end quite as unsatisfactory as the beginning, the young ladies resumed their books and read till the pages grew dim before their sight, and the drowsy sounds of the summer afternoon lulled them softly to sleep. Beautiful they looked, reclining on the rustic seat, a book fallen from the hand of each—a picture for any artist. Nor was it without a beholder. Seated a short distance above them, in the green shadows of a large maple, was Aunt Margaret, viewing them with an expression of fondness on her face, tempered by a soft, sad I had almost said a smiling melancholy. She had approached, unobserved by the chatting girls, just at the moment they had abandoned their talk for their books, and caught the concluding words of the elder—her beloved and beautiful niece. The words evidently called up sad, and it might be, tender recollections. Whatever the character of Aunt Margaret's heart-experiences had been, it was plain that they were not wholly unhappy. There was something in her air that expressed both hope and resignation, it was hard to say which was most suggested. She approached the sleeping couple. They began to stir a little uneasily; perhaps it was their dreams, but as they were no doubt of a very pleasant kind, we must conclude it was the flies that troubled them.

"Girls!" What a sweet, *strong* voice, so richly womanly! "Girls!" repeated Aunt Margaret.

They awoke in pretty confusion.

"Oh! aunty, is it you?" they exclaimed together when they saw who the intruder was. "How you startled us!"

"Never mind, my dears; you startled me just before you went to sleep."

Double confusion now seized them, but seeing that Aunt Margaret (as they both called her) was smiling very pleasantly, though a little sadly, their fear of her being offended at their conversation vanished, and seeing their opportunity, a simultaneous "Do tell us your life-story, aunty," came pleading from the lips of the anxious and admiring girls.

Aunt Margaret looked more beautiful than ever just then, a sunbeam struck through a rift in the leaves and lighted up her face like a saint's; it was not too late yet for her to win some loving heart.

"I will tell you the story of my life—my heart-story if you please—all but the ending; that is to come."

The young ladies looked surprised and more interested than ever.

"Twenty years ago," began Aunt Margaret, "twenty-one though in point of fact, before either of you had entered this many-colored life, I was living in the city of New Orleans with my sister—your mother, Clara; and being then in the hey-day of my youth, and having every opportunity of acquainting myself with the best society of the city was of course enjoying myself exceedingly. I was called beautiful by some—"

"By all, aunty," interrupted her listeners. Aunt Margaret's smile was hardly a disclaimer, and she continued her story.

"I had what are called admirers, whose attentions were so constant that they were at times a little burdensome—even a vain and flattered girl likes her freedom, you know, girls—but I do not think I had a real lover until I met Arthur Graham—and—and before we had seen each other many times there was a very pleasant understanding between us. It was the old story up to the time our engagement was announced, and preparations were being made for the wedding. Arthur Graham was a noble man—one of nature's—my family were all pleased with him; his standing in social and professional circles was the best, and a happy future seemed opening before me. But it is not worth while to look with certainty for happiness in this world, my dear girls, take the good of to-day, and let to-morrow shine as brightly as it will, but remember it is to-morrow."

Aunt Margaret paused, and a look of pain came over her features. Lucy and Clara were silent.

"The very morning of the day we were to be married," she resumed, "a terrible event occurred, preventing the expected grand wedding to which our friends had been invited, many of whom came only to be shocked at the news which awaited them or met them, for it flew fast, and profoundly agitated every circle in the city in which we had moved. Arthur Graham on the day of his expected wedding was arrested for a crime I will not pain myself and you to name. He was innocent, yet he could not be proved so to the world. The circumstances of the case were so strange and trying that I fear if I were to narrate them, which would be both unnecessary and painful, you would think it only a hard-wrought fiction, instead of a sorrowful reality.

"Arthur was a self-made man, and standing so well in the community was of course envied and disliked by many, who with greater opportunities had made less of them. With that malignant delight, subdued to be sure, but just as real, which is a disgrace to our nature—the enemies of Arthur Graham—enemies for no reason of his—saw their chance to revenge themselves on him for his superiority. They pronounced him guilty, and were glad to do it; the whole affair was shocking of course, but it showed what men of fair pretensions could bring themselves to do, &c., &c. Such expressions and hints and innuendoes had their intended effect in increasing the feeling against the accused. Arthur though innocent became at last resigned to his fate; to the few who clung to him through all he was deeply grateful, but toward the many less charitable he grew at last indifferent—it was despair. Circumstances were against him, and the verdict of the court condemned him was "guilty." He was sentenced to an imprisonment of *thirty years*. I would have married him, when all the world against him, had he been willing; but he was firm in his refusal to make me the wife of a felon in the law. This is a terrible story my dear girls, and I almost wonder that I can bring myself to repeat it. You may in turn wonder how I endured my sorrows; but friends were kind, Arthur was innocent, God is just and patience has its reward at last. Let me drop the veil over the sad and lonely years that followed. I did not after the first year resign myself to hopeless grief, but found work to do, and thank Heaven for it, for it has saved me. Of late have I not seemed happier to you than when you first knew me?"

"You always seemed happy to me, aunt," answered sympathetic Clara, "that is—how can I express it?—*softly* happy."

Aunt Margaret smiled and paused.

"Oh! aunt, go on, go on," cried Lucy, who had caught from the words of the stately woman a suggestion of something glad to follow. "The story is not ended yet; there is something more!"

"Yes," was the reply, given in a tone so deeply calm and hopeful that the girls pressed closer to the speaker. "You think I am patient," she continued, "but in my heart there is a feeling so restless, so eager, that I sometimes think I am a hypocrite to be so quiet apparently, when I am so impatient in reality. In a short time I expect to be informed that Arthur is to be discharged from imprisonment, years in advance of the expiration of his term, since his conduct has been so unimpeachable during his confinement, that although he is still believed guilty by the majority, we are sure the governor can be induced to pardon him. Pardon him!" she repeated bitterly, "he who was never guilty. He has promised the day he is released to make me his wife. Unknown to you, unknown to nearly every one, I have seen him frequently during his imprisonment, and we are the same to each other as we were before that dreadful event clouded what should have been to us years of happiness and freedom. I have little more to say just now, my dears, but I pray God that your young hearts may never suffer as mine has; but if any grief so great should fall upon you, ask for the sustaining patience which heaven has in kindness given me."

Deeply affected, just as the evening coolness of the day began to be felt, the three left the river-side for the house.

It was October—the month that is to the declining what June is to the opening year. Clara Dalton and Lucy Gray were again on the river-shore; Aunt Margaret was with them—and Arthur Graham was with her—her husband. He had not been "pardoned" by the governor, but his immediate discharge had been ordered in just six weeks after the summer day Margaret Hartley had told her sad life-story to her young friends, in consequence of revelations made by the parties really guilty of the crime for which Arthur Graham had been tried and convicted. The mighty wrong that had been done him both by the law and the world could never be repaired. A great gap had been made in his life by those years of ignominious confinement. But his heart had been kept alive and sweet by the faithful love of Margaret. It was indeed a beautiful and unusual proof of woman's constancy. My readers will think that I have been telling them an invented tale, and indeed it reads very much like it, but it is truth and not fiction.

The world lost a "nice old maid" when Margaret Hartley became Mrs. Arthur Graham; but if this story has a minor moral, it is to show that there are among those whom the thoughtless call "old maids," as if the title were a reproach, some of the best, the gentlest and the most loving of the sex.

☞ The name William is derived from *Will* who was one of the three primeval Teuton deities who together performed the creation of mankind. He was a personification of *will*—not only of inclination (*voluntas*), but of *impetus* also. Among an enterprising and determined race, such as ours, therefore, the name *William* is fittingly conspicuous. *Henry* is a Norman name—*Harry* being, as Miss Yonge says, "its right native shape," and the surnames derived from this form of the word (viz., *Harris, Harris, Harrison, Parry*) belonging to a much larger number of people than the derivatives of *Henry* which latter way of spelling is only an imitation of the French mode, *Henri*.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Horse in His Stall.

Notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, people still confine their horses, compel them to stand in the same cramped place, and in their own dung, and this from day to day, even for a whole winter, and some during the year. The result is, thick legs, stiff joints, bad hoofs, and other ailments of the general system, as well as the feet and legs.

This is wrong. A horse cannot tell his injuries—he suffers in silence, becomes crippled, spoiled for life, dies, and that is the end of him. Thus thousands of horses are annually lost—and the evil extends to every neighborhood. We are all, or nearly all, guilty of this. Do we not, dear reader—most of us—fasten our horses to one spot, where they cannot move, and there force them to stand? Are we guiltless of swelled legs in our horses? Are they as comfortable in their cramped condition as when they are in the field, or where they have room in their stall? To tie a horse in his stall is the first link in the chain of abuse. Give your horse freedom—he has the principles of its enjoyment within him. Give him a chance to walk, to change his position, to be at ease, and not confined, cramped, tyrannized. Treat him rationally. Not as to the habit—the habit is bad. Look to his wants intelligently. He will appreciate you and remember your favor—for a horse has a good memory. But bad treatment is bad for him—bad to remember; but he submits to it because he must; and he will make the best of a bad thing, even walk without invitation into his prison stall—it is his only place, and there he will suffer in silence. Give him room—let him loose in it. Give him bedding—clean bedding every day. And do it now. We are now talking to the careless and reckless. A humane, intelligent man will see that his beast is cared for. Treat the animal which is your main reliance with more care, and you will not regret it.—*Rural World.*

Items.

—There are very few cases of genuine hydrophobia, and many a poor dog has been killed as mad who was only crazed by being pursued by excited men and boys.

—The beef condensing factory near Houston, Texas, boils down a bullock into twelve pounds.

—All salted provisions should be watched and see that they are kept under the brine, for if one piece of meat lies up it will spoil the whole barrel. If the brine looks bloody, it must be scalded and more salt added: when cold, pour back.

—Very weak phosphoric acid is a strong poison for all kinds of insects, and yet helps plants, by adding to the soluble phosphates in the soil, and can do them no harm. Extensive use of it is predicted in agriculture.

—In the court-yard of the city of Allahabad, in India, there has existed from 250 B. C. a column of polished stone, with an inscription upon it which has defied readers for many years, but is at length found to be a proclamation against cruelty to animals. There were the teachings of the heathen 250 years before the birth of Christ, and we are almost ashamed to say that it is necessary to enforce the same lessons at this late day, when the merciful teachings of Christianity are spreading over the world.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 49, 12, 18, 38, 58, 7, 2, 6, 15, is an English statesman.
My 59, 35, 47, 37, 56, was President of the United States.
My 4, 49, 22, 30, 24, 16, was a king of England.
My 1, 17, 11, 20, 48, 18, 9, 33, 42, 49, 52, was a king of France.
My 3, 17, 50, 23, is a river in the United States.
My 1, 28, 10, 58, 37, 24, was a Roman emperor.
My 45, 44, 36, 20, 50, 25, 9, was a name prominent in the late French war.
My 43, 41, 40, 46, 52, 18, 22, 54, 8, 49, 15, was a noted hunter.
My 45, 23, 24, 19, 31, was a general in the Mexican war.
My 47, 53, 1, 55, 56, 49, 55, 58, was an ancient law-giver.
My 3, 11, 1, 39, 43, 54, 42, was a Grecian state.
My 33, 29, 42, 8, 13, 27, was a noted traitor.
My whole is a promise of our Saviour.

Plainville, Ohio. W. M.

Word Square.

Something warm on the foot.
Mixtures.
An article of perfumery.
To pitch or throw.

J. T. D.

Conundrums.

☞ Why can't a thief easily steal a watch? Ans.—Because he must take it off its guard.

☞ When may a man be said to be really over head and ears in debt? Ans.—When he hasn't paid for his wig.

☞ When do you think you could eat a lady a hand? Ans.—When it's a warm muff in.

☞ What are the most disagreeable articles for a man to keep on hand? Ans.—Hand-cuffs.

[And yet a policeman who travels—ahem! after somebody—will tell you that handcuffs are most charmingly adapted to two wrists.]

☞ What is the difference between homicide and pig-sticking? Ans.—One is assault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to eat.

☞ How can you, by changing the pronunciation of a word only, turn mirth into crime? Ans.—By making man's laughter man-slaughter.

☞ When does a son not take after his father? Ans.—When his father leaves him nothing to take.

☞ Why is the treadmill like a true convert? Ans.—Because its turning is the result of conviction.

☞ If Old Nick were to lose his tail, where should he go to supply the deficiency? Ans.—To a gin palace, because there bad spirits are re-tailed.

[We always have had an idea, however, that Old Nick was already living in an *hot-el*.]

☞ To what port ought a courtship in a storm to steer for? Ans.—Union Bay, *I* guess.

☞ Why are convicts like old maids going to be married? Ans.—Because they go off in transports.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Washington at the battle of Trenton. CHARADE—Muf-fin. WORD SQUARE—

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M O O N
M O A N
A N N A.

Answer to Junior's PROBLEM of April 29th—3465. Junior, D. Diefenbach, O. R. Hooper. "How high." O. R. Sheldon, Geo. A. Wenck.

Answers to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of March 4th—214 officers, 5029 men. J. S. Phebus, R. H. Young, Veritas, Craig, Geo. W. Sublette, O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of April 15th—Almanac runs ahead of true time in 4000 calendar years 23 hours, 20 minutes. D. Diefenbach, Geo. W. Sublette, Wm. E. Holley.

Answers to R. H. Young's PROBLEM of April 8th—6 4-11. O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to X's PROBLEM of March 25th—$280,000. X, D Diefenbach, G. A. Wenck.

Answers to P. Phin's PROBLEM of March 11th—A, $74 64; B, $90 96; C, $113 28; D, $129 84. Peter Plato, D. Diefenbach, O. R. Sheldon.

RECEIPTS.

SYRUP OF CURRANTS.—Pick ripe currants, and put them into a stewpan over the fire, so that they get hot, and burst; press them through a sieve, and let the liquor in a cool cellar for thirty-six hours; then strain it through cloths, sweeten with loaf sugar, and bottle for use. The juice of cherries and raspberries may be pressed as above. This syrup, mixed with spring water, makes a refreshing summer drink.

LEMONADE.—Three lemons to a pint of water makes strong lemonade; sweeten to your taste. This is the best beverage for social parties; cool, refreshing, pleasant and salubrious.

ORANGEADE.—Roll and press the juice from the oranges in the same way as from lemons. It requires less sugar than lemonade. The water must be pure and cold, and then there can be nothing more delicious than these two kinds of drink.